

# The Sketch

No. 796.—Vol. LXII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



IN IMITATION OF SARGENT'S "CARMENCITA": SEÑORITA TORTOLA VALENCIA, THE SPANISH DANCER.  
IN "HAVANA," IN A COSTUME BASED UPON THAT OF THE FIGURE IN THE FAMOUS ARTIST'S PAINTING.

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios. (See "The Clubman.")*





# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



## News for the Bishop.

The Easter holidays have come and gone; we have breakfasted in the rain, lunched in the snow, and dined to the howling of the gale. But there is no lull in the astounding enterprise of this dear old world. Let the weather conditions be what they may, you will generally find the man next door eager to discuss the greater problems of the earth. Take, for example, Bishop Welldon. His Lordship has been wondering at Manchester why we cannot talk to animals, and why animals cannot talk to us. "It is striking," he says, "that after so many centuries of close relation between human beings and animals we should know so little about them, and should be so little able to communicate with them." It is easy to believe, after such a comment, that the Bishop is not an ardent frequenter of music-halls. It is possible, I daresay, that he has never seen Dandy George and his Little Dog Rosie. This is a pity, because, setting possible prejudice aside, his Lordship would be compelled to admit that Dandy George has solved, at any rate, the problem of communicating with Rosie. "Sit down!" cries he, and Rosie sits down. "Stand up!" he pleads, and Rosie is on her little legs in a moment. "Say your prayers," suggests Dandy George, and Rosie puts her face between her paws as meekly as a Bishop.

## The Old, Old Philosophy.

Having helped his Lordship, I would have a word in the ear of Mr. Arnold Bennett. Mr. Arnold Bennett, dauntless as ever, is urging the readers of *T.P.'s Weekly* to remodel their lives on a scientific-philosophic basis. I admire his courage immensely, and I am watching those of my friends who read *T.P.'s Weekly* to see what effect Mr. Bennett's articles have upon them. In the meantime, I am bound to warn Mr. Bennett that the part of mental doctor is a particularly hard one to play. It is all very well to write, as Mr. Bennett has written, "If you were ruffled this morning because your motor-bus broke down and you had to take a cab, then, so far as you are concerned, the great teachers lived in vain." Mr. Bennett, you see, is a believer in the subjection of matter to mind. I am not. A man may be steeped in the writings of the great teachers, but all the philosophical lore in the world will not help him to smile when he has lain awake for five hours with an acute pain in his little inside. Mr. Bennett may retort, if he takes the trouble to read this paragraph, that here is the point of view of the pantomime comedian. It is; and I venture to assert that the pantomime comedian, following in the footsteps of his fathers, gets nearer to the understanding of human nature than did Aristotle.

## Miss Fowler and the Bachelor.

Another writer upon whom the extraordinary weather seems to make little or no effect is Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. She has been having a word to say on the inspiring subject of bachelors. To this effect: "Bachelors always take too much or too little care of themselves, and both extremes are bad." It is interesting and instructive to see ourselves as others see us: I read Miss Fowler's message, therefore, to my housekeeper. "Now," said I, "do I take too much or too little care of myself?" My housekeeper, a woman of remarkable sagacity and caution, said: "Both." "In that case," I said, rather nettled at the notion of being called a coddle, "kindly tell me in what particular ways I take too much care of myself?" "You air your shirts," replied my housekeeper. "But would you have me wear damp shirts?" "You wouldn't. I air them first and you air them afterwards." "I thank you. Now for the next point." "Exercise," was the laconic answer. "But," I protested, "I take little or no exercise when I'm in London." "But

you're always worrying about it." "I see. Perhaps you would also be good enough to tell me some of the ways in which I take too little care of myself." But my housekeeper, with the air of one having many cares, hurried out of the room.

## Kipling without Context.

Come we now to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose "Letters to the Family" in the *Morning Post* and *Collier's Weekly* prove that he has lost not a whit of his wonderful gift for descriptive writing. Mr. Kipling observes that "cities, like women, cannot be too careful what sort of men they allow to talk about them." All the day long I have puzzled over this saying. It came to me in an isolated form, since I have not yet had the opportunity of reading the whole letter. Mr. Kipling, I have not the least doubt, makes the saying quite clear by the context, but it is a good winter game to study a dictum without its context and endeavour to understand it. Setting aside the simile, since all men talk about all women, and will continue to do so until the end of time whether the women approve or otherwise, why should it matter to a city, so long as it gets talked about, who talks about it? A city needs advertisement just as badly as a tradesman or a poet. A tradesman, I grant you, should be careful what sort of a man he allows to talk about him. Abuse his wares, and, unless he can prove you to be a liar, he is undone. But cities and poets thrive on abuse as much as they thrive on trade. In fact, the late Lord Tennyson, had he been neglected in his lifetime, would now be all the vogue, while Paris— (End of message.)

## The Case for the Snob.

Lady Violet Greville, writing in the *New York American*, strikes a more serious note. "The old Quakers," one learns, "were taught to cherish the value of money and the fear of God. Nowadays we value money and fear nobody." It will be news to many people, I think, that they fear nobody. It will be news to many women, I fancy, that they have no fear of their neighbours or their relations. And it will be news to many men, unless I am mistaken, that they have no fear of their employers. Lady Violet Greville has allowed her optimism to run away with her. Moral cowardice is the worst feature of modern civilised life, and all snobbishness is born of it.

## Besides—

I have reserved for my concluding paragraph the discovery of Lady Onslow, who tells us that "the flirt has been elbowed out of existence by the unemployed young married women." If Lady Onslow means that the young married women who have no children and no particular work to do are flirts, then I must make it my business to prove to her that she is wrong. But I believe that Lady Onslow understands her young married friends—I use the term, of course, quite generally—better than that. I think she knows very well that the young married woman, with no particular employment, who leads a young man into a quiet corner, sits by him, and talks earnestly to him for half-an-hour or so, is certainly not flirting. I think she would be the first to admit that it is the duty of young married women, with no particular employment, to discover for themselves the hollowness, the stupidity, the egotism, and the lack of sympathetic instinct in all the young men to whom they do not happen to be married. Thus, and thus only, can they learn to appreciate to the full the depth, the sagacity, the unselfishness, and the all-abounding sympathy of their own husbands. It would be a shame and a scandal if anybody threw doubt upon such a noble endeavour, and dragged it under the head of "flirting"!

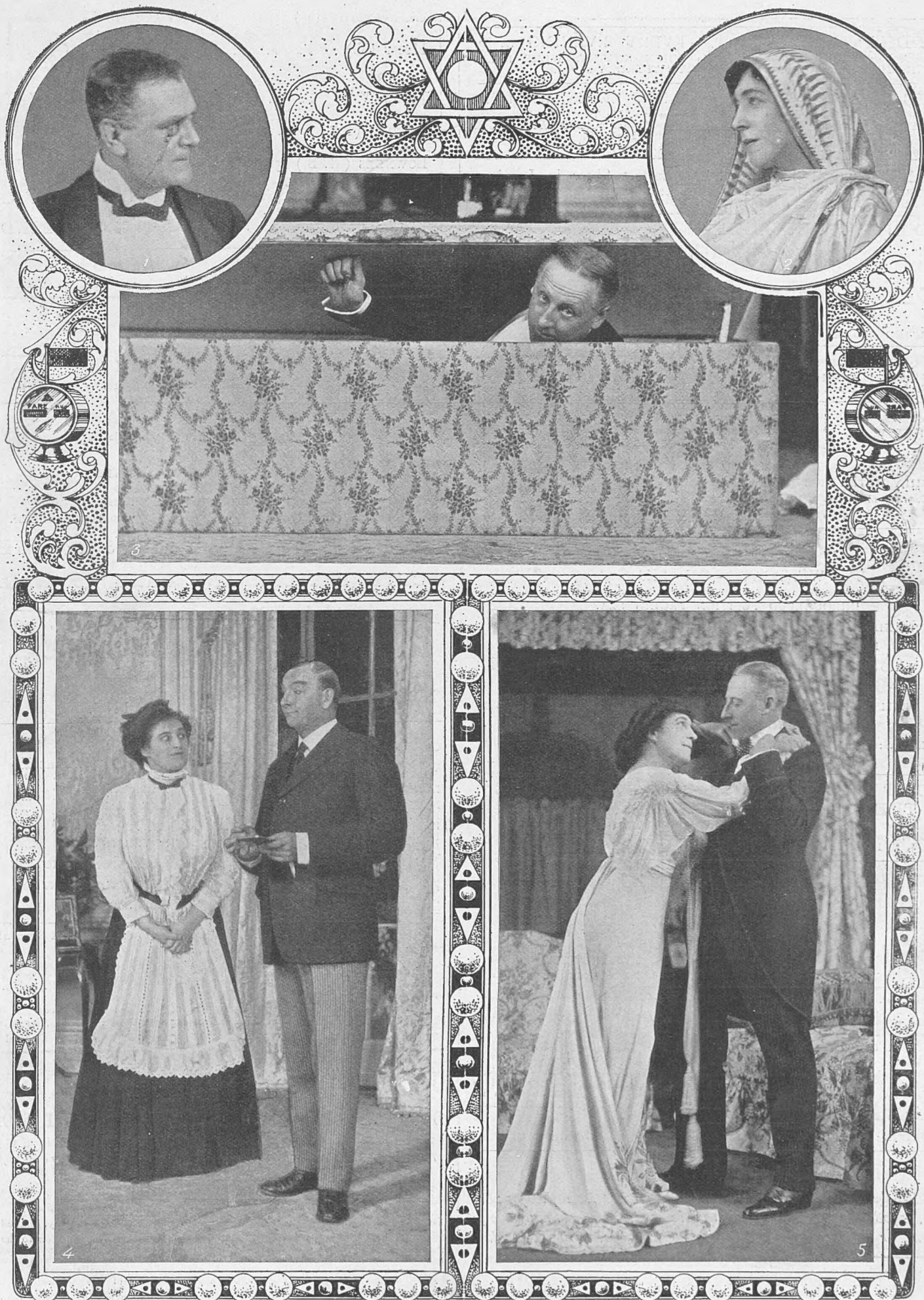
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## THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE AGAIN—AND THOSE WHO PLAY ON IT.

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(MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER).

2. THE SECOND SIDE OF THE TRIANGLE: MRS. ARUNDEL  
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3. THE THIRD SIDE OF THE TRIANGLE: ERNEST CAMPION (MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH) FINDS IT NECESSARY TO TAKE REFUGE IN A BOX OTTOMAN.

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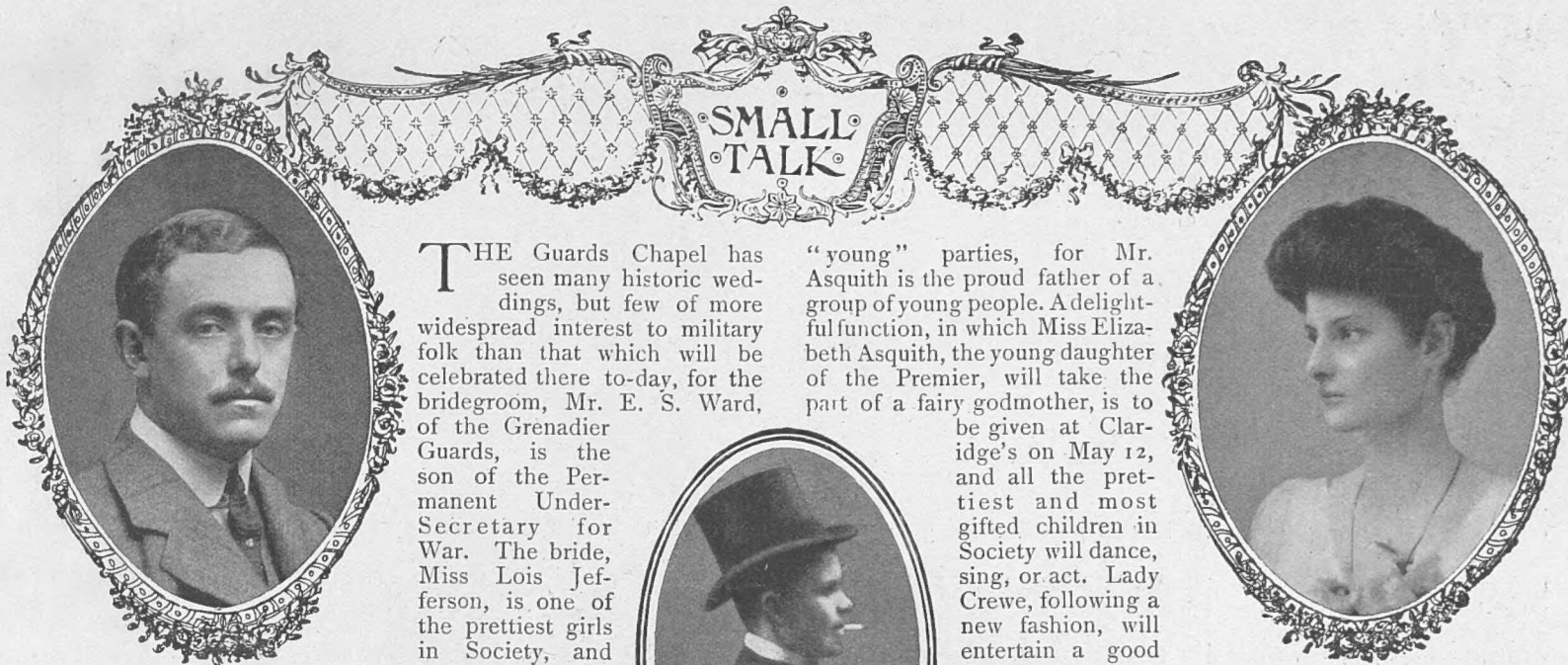
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DARTFORD	11 8	DOVER TOWN	12 0
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MR. E. S. WARD, SON OF SIR EDWARD WARD,

Whose Wedding to Miss Lois Jefferson is to take place to-day (Wednesday).

Photograph by Mayall.

sey. Miss Jefferson is a charming dancer, and her mother has given some notable balls for her in Mr. Jefferson's beautiful house in Berkeley Square

### *The Old Order Changeth.*

Even in the late 'eighties such a thing as an Indian lady of rank appearing on a stage and consenting to be photographed in fancy dress would have been considered an outrage on native feeling; and yet from Bombay comes the significant news that during the celebrations of the Jubilee of the Stree Bodha Society, which has for object the promotion of close social relations between the East and West, a series of tableaux was given in which many native ladies took part. The tableaux were of a nature to thrill every native spectator, for they consisted of heroic and striking passages in the life of the great Mogul ruler, the Emperor Akbar, who was a contemporary of our Queen Elizabeth. Miss Violet Clarke, the daughter of the new Governor of Bombay, and Lady Maud Warrender, both noted for their exquisite voices, also took part in this unique entertainment.

### *Some Interesting Social Jottings.*

It is to be hoped that the fact that Mrs. Asquith is now in family mourning will not affect the official entertaining that falls to the lot of a new Premier's wife. According to popular rumour, Downing Street will see a series of brilliant fêtes, including a number of

THE Guards Chapel has seen many historic weddings, but few of more widespread interest to military folk than that which will be celebrated there to-day, for the bridegroom, Mr. E. S. Ward, of the Grenadier Guards, is the son of the Permanent Under-Secretary for War. The bride, Miss Lois Jefferson, is one of the prettiest girls in Society, and her sister was married some two years ago to the eldest son of Lord and Lady de Ramsey.

"young" parties, for Mr. Asquith is the proud father of a group of young people. A delightful function, in which Miss Elizabeth Asquith, the young daughter of the Premier, will take the part of a fairy godmother, is to be given at Claridge's on May 12, and all the prettiest and most gifted children in Society will dance, sing, or act. Lady Crewe, following a new fashion, will entertain a good deal out of town, for Lord Crewe has taken Coombe Cottage from Lady Charles Beresford, and this delightful old-world house is within easy distance of London. All sorts of well-known collectors are lending curios to the Women's Section of the Franco-British Exhibition, the moving spirit of the Committee in charge of the Women's Palace being Lady Ancaster.

### *Pains of Popularity.*

Amongst the trials of kingship is the difficulty of preserving the "incog." But such difficulty belongs to notoriety

of any sort. Even a Prince de Sagan shelters (ineffectually, by the way) under "Mr. Hodge." Georges Clemenceau, Prime Minister of France, suffers likewise from the microbe of celebrity. He had planned a quiet Easter jaunt to Biarritz, a holiday which should leave him free of reporters and Ministerial telegrams. But, alas! the fates willed otherwise. His carriage was in the least observable part of the train. Electricity, or the want of it, was the cause of his undoing. The apparatus refused to work. Even a Premier seeking repose cannot be sent on a long night journey by candle-light, and the carriage had to be changed. That meant delay, and delay meant explanations, and explanations meant that Georges Clemenceau could not travel incognito. And so, when they switched on the light in the Ministerial carriage, they switched on the Minister's personality. It was *de jure* and *de facto* M. Clemenceau who voyaged to Biarritz.



NEPHEW AND HEIR OF  
THE LATE SIR HENRY  
CAMPBELL - BANNERMAN;  
MR. MORETON CAMPBELL.

Photograph by Park.

MISS LOIS JEFFERSON,

Whose Wedding to Mr. E. S. Ward, of the Grenadier Guards, is to take place to-day (Wednesday).

Photograph by the Canadian Studio.



AN ENGLISH LADY AS A HINDU: MISS VIOLET CLARKE, DAUGHTER OF SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM CLARKE, GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY, AS THE HINDU PRINCESS WHO MARRIED JEHANGIR, SON OF AKBAR, EMPEROR OF THE MOGULS.

Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd. (See page 73.)





# THE CLUBMAN

THE POST-OFFICES IN TURKEY—AMERICAN COURT DRESS—TIPS.



THAT Italy should insist on having post-offices in the Turkish towns in which the other great European nations have them is only natural. The wonder is that she has not seriously demanded the concession before. The difference between sending and receiving letters through the Turkish and through the British post-offices is very marked. The British post-office at Constantinople, in the Passage Oriental, is a very busy place. Letters posted there go with as much regularity as though they were put into a London pillar-box; but any letters entrusted to the Turkish post-offices are liable to be detained; and if in the opinion of the Turkish officials they look suspicious, they will certainly be steamed, opened, and read. The Germans have post-offices at Smyrna, Jerusalem, and one or two other big towns; the British have them in the Consulate at Smyrna, and at Beyrout, and, for all I know, elsewhere at towns which I have not visited; the Austrians have a post-office wherever they have a Consulate.

There has been a splutter in the American Parliament over the dress worn by some of the American Ambassadors and Ministers to foreign Courts on official occasions. In London it has been customary for Americans, official and non-official, to wear, when asked to meet royalties on unofficial occasions, the dress that British gentlemen are expected to wear in such circumstances—evening dress, with knee-breeches, silk stockings, and shoes. It is the form of dress which is often worn at Marlborough House and other big houses when the occasion is sufficiently informal not to make uniform or Court dress *de rigueur*.

The American representatives abroad have always shown an inclination to adopt some costume which carries a suggestion of Court dress; but the Puritans in the United States are on the watch for any backslidings from Republican simplicity. One American Ambassador, his eye on his own country, proposed, in Queen Victoria's reign, to attend a levée in a plain frock-coat. Her Majesty, before whom the matter was laid, would not allow this, and after some pourparlers it was agreed that evening dress—the "claw-hammer coat," as the Yankees of those days used to call it—should be considered the American Court dress.

The black-and-white figure of an American at any Court function in any land is always striking. He is usually the one person with no bright colour in his clothes, and wearing neither medals nor orders. Sometimes an American, intentionally or unintentionally, disregards Court etiquette. I saw such an incident many years ago at the Viceregal Court in Dublin. It was at a levée, and everybody

present was either in Court dress or uniform except one gentleman who wore evening clothes. He was an American Consul or Vice-Consul. It was usual then—as I dare say it is now—for those who had made their bow to the Viceroy to stand on the opposite side of the room to the Viceregal semicircle and watch later comers go past. The American, when it came to his turn, started as quickly as his long legs could carry him and walked past the Viceroy at a five-miles-an-hour pace without turning his head or taking any notice of him whatever. For a moment everybody drew a breath of surprise. Then a laugh came from the line opposite the Viceroy, and the first laugh was echoed by a general murmur of chuckles and comment which was taken up in the circle of officials, even the Viceroy's great red moustache and beard moving in subdued mirth.

The *Times* has thrown open its columns to a correspondence on "Tips," a correspondence which is running on the usual lines of complaint that poor men are taxed beyond their means when they are visitors in great houses. But, for the first time that I can remember, this subject has drawn a comment from the "tipped" instead of being dealt with only by the "tippers." An ex-butler has ventured into print to tell us that the people who complain so lustily of the amount of the tips they are expected to give often solve the problem by giving none at all; that a shooting party including two Dukes left him only a sovereign the richer when it broke up; and that servants never show by their manner any disappointment when the tip given to them falls short of their expectation.

The French servant very probably has more command of the delicacies of intonation than the British servitor, for there is an immense difference between the quite respectful and thankful "Merci, Monsieur," with which a French valet receives a rather meagre tip and the "Merci bien Monsieur," which constitutes his thanks for a liberal one. That

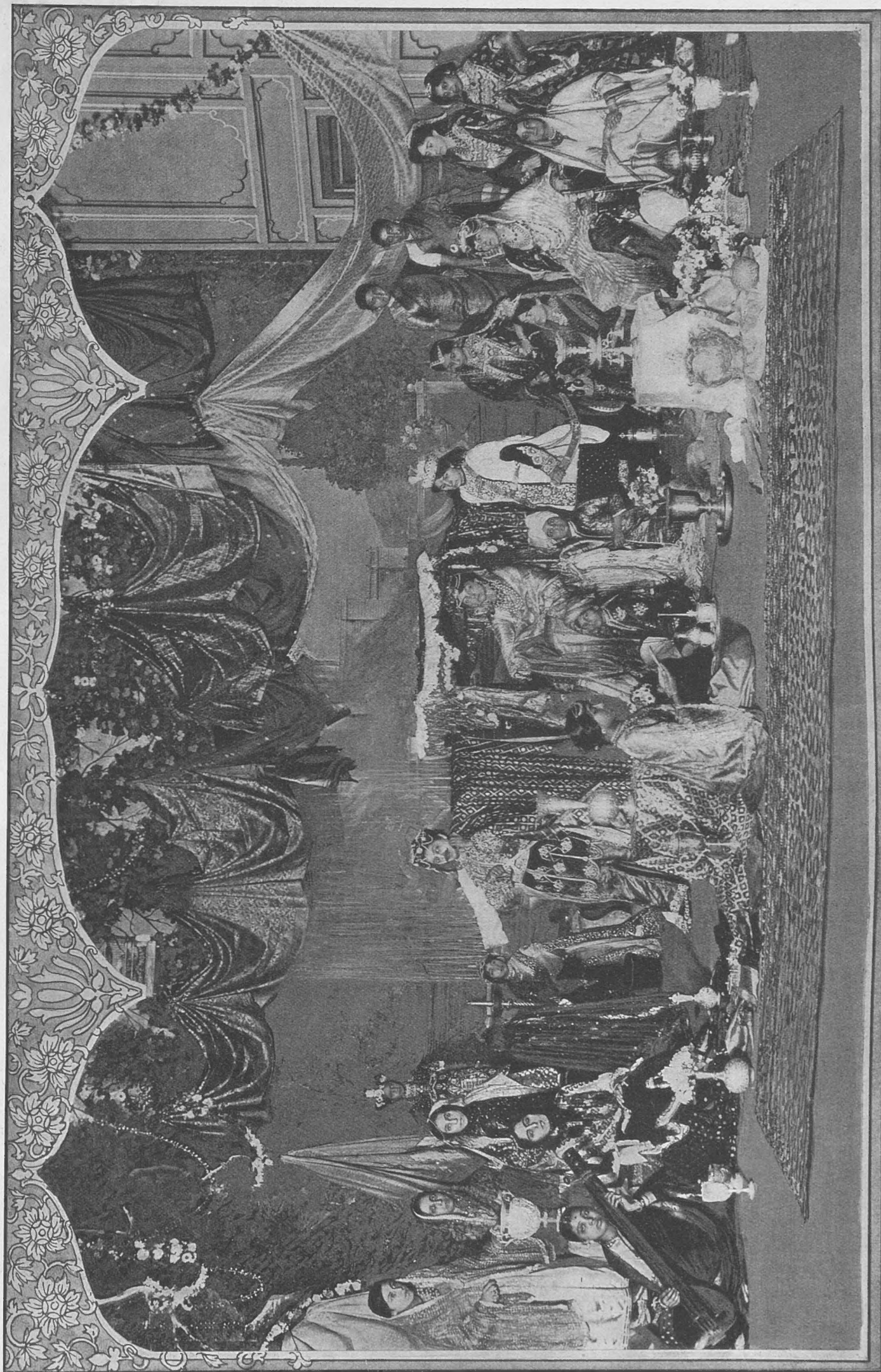
any great house gets its servants on the basis of very small wages, or none at all, on the strength of the tips which are sure to be given them, I do not for a moment believe; but it is a fact that good servants generally make inquiries before they accept service in a household as to the amount of hospitality the house dispenses; and that there is a shortage of tips is often the real reason, though not the one advanced, why some quite perfect butler or footman tells the mistress of the house that he wishes to move on to another place. Generally dullness is an accompaniment of the lack of tips, and our servants, being men and women just like ourselves, love the excitement of big gatherings just as much as we do.



SARGENT'S "CARMENCITA," NOW IN THE LUXEMBOURG—FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH OF SEÑORITA TORTOLA VALENCIA.

Photograph by W. A. Mansell and Co. (See our Front Page.)





AKBAR, EMPEROR OF THE MOGULS, AND HIS SON JAHANGIR CARRYING THE PALANQUIN OF THE PRINCESS WHO WAS MARRIED TO JAHANGIR.  
 Miss Violet Clarke  
 (Daughter of the Governor of Bombay).  
 Lady Maud Warrender  
 (Sister of the Earl of Shaftesbury).

Our photograph shows one of a series of remarkable tableaux organised and arranged by Mrs. Ali Akbar, and seen recently in Bombay. The particular incident depicted illustrates a part of the marriage ceremony of Jahangir (son of the great Mogul Emperor, Akbar) and the daughter of Rajah Bhagwan Singh. The Emperor himself and his son carried the palanquin of the bride—a Hindu princess—to the palace. The tableau shows this act. Amongst those who took part in the tableaux were Mrs. Ali Akbar, Miss Violet Clarke, daughter of the Governor of Bombay, and Lady Maud Warrender.  
 Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd. (See "Small Talk" page.)





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.



"MY MIMOSA MAID"—"A FEARFUL JOY"—"THE COLLEGE WIDOW"—"THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE"—"WAY DOWN EAST,"

At a season like the Easter holidays, which generally produces a plentiful crop of new plays, the critic, suddenly being kept busy every night of the week, gets into the habit of asking himself how soon he will be called in again. It cannot be said that last week's novelties promise him an idle time. There is every prospect of his soon being at work again, for only one of them seems at all likely to last long. This one is, of course, Mr. Paul Rubens's "Riviera Musical Incident" at the Prince of Wales's. That will no doubt live for the usual number of years, and be played on the pianola in the usual number of drawing-rooms. But even this will have to be given rather more than the usual amount of attention by the author in supplying funny songs absent from the first performance, and by the comedians in supplying similarly needful funny talk. Mr. Paul Rubens's part is to supply the usual people with the usual things to do. He does it by a series of acts of plagiarism; but as the plagiarism is from his own "Miss Hook of Holland," no action will probably be taken. And the whole thing is so good-humoured and pleasant and free from offence that even the critic tries to find a merit in the fact that it is so trivial and so absolutely the same. There are lots of pretty tunes in the piece, an unusually pretty chorus (the singers, not the music), and a charming madrigal (the music, not the singers).

Apart from Mr. Rubens's, it can hardly be said that the theatrical Easter-eggs have brought out very healthy chickens. Look at "A Fearful Joy," at the Haymarket. That is a foreign egg, to start with, and it was first laid in Paris somewhere about 1850. So it can hardly be called "new-laid," "fresh," or even "breakfast." It belongs to the fourth category, which has no descriptive title. Although it is sold as an English egg ("founded on the French"), it requires no Merchandise Marks Act to indicate its country of origin, and it can hardly be said either to have kept or travelled well. English husbands don't usually keep tame admirers for their wives in a house at the end of the garden, and the uses of a box-ottoman for hiding, and a trick letter-box for exchanging illicit correspondence belong to an order of farce which is no longer in fashion. Mr. Bouchier did his best as the husband who wins by pretending to suspect nothing, and Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Allan Aynesworth looked as foolish as they could in the parts of the lovers. The man who really scored was Mr. Edmund Maurice as a cynical valet who managed to extract blackmail from them all.

On Easter Monday we had an American egg at the Adelphi. This clearly belonged to the class of "eggs for electioneering purposes," not because it was bad, but because one could not imagine any use being made of it in this play except to throw it about, preferably at somebody's head. The American stage has shown us some fine examples of strident

joyfulness ever since the chorus in "The Belle of New York" first dazzled and deafened London. "The College Widow" is not a musical comedy, but they make a noise just the same. It would probably be a better entertainment if it were a musical comedy. Most musical comedies suffer from having a very complicated plot, which the musical numbers are always interrupting, with the result that it has to be dropped as a hopeless affair in the second act, and you don't hear of it again until they are calling the cabs. "The College Widow" would gain enormously by having its plot interrupted as frequently as possible in the same way, for it suffers from having no plot at all until the third act, and then the only plot is a football match, in which nobody cares much who wins, especially as it is American football, for which every self-respecting English spectator feels bound to show a withering contempt. But there is lots of fun in the talk generally, and lots of fun in the sketches of life at a small American University.

I have left myself little space to tell of "The Marriage of William Ashe," in which a Prime Minister, an Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, sundry members of the Inner Circle of English politics, and Miss Fannie Ward disport themselves on the rather limited stage of Terry's Theatre. Mrs. Humphry Ward's intimacy with the ruling caste of this country, which serves her so well in her novels, is hardly so convincing when it is expressed in the terms which even a liberal management can afford for five or six line parts. Besides, Miss Fannie Ward, who is a clever actress and will be a cleverer, is a shade too sophisticated a personality for the wayward Lady Kitty. However, the piece, if it is hardly exciting, shows a distinct advance in Mrs. Humphry Ward's art as a dramatist.

If any young man about town drops into the Aldwych one evening, thinking that he is going to see "The Gay Gordons," he is likely to be rather disappointed. For what he will

see is a fifteen-year-old American melodrama, which has made a fortune in the States, and is now brought to London—no doubt on the principle recently announced by Mr. Frohman of bringing American companies to London to give them a holiday, for he can hardly suppose the paying public of a West-End theatre will care much for this sort of thing. We have the old homestead, the stern father, the wicked seducer, and the distressful heroine who is turned out on a bitter winter's night to face the world in a talc-storm. There was a real snow-storm outside the theatre on the first night, which brought home the horror of the situation to the audience. But even with this timely assistance from nature the play was only received with tolerance. "Way Down East" should go further East—say to the Pavilion, Mile End Road. They would swallow it quite readily there.



"MY MIMOSA MAID": MISS ISABEL JAY AS PAULETTE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



MISS ELLEN TERRY AND HER HUSBAND IN "HENRY OF LANCASTER": MISS TERRY AS ELIZABETH OF YORK AND MR. JAMES CAREW AS HENRY OF LANCASTER.

It will be remembered that Miss Terry produced "Henry of Lancaster" for the first time some weeks ago. She is appearing in it this week at the Borough, Stratford.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.



## "THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE" AS A PLAY:

SCENES FROM THE PRODUCTION AT TERRY'S—MISS FANNIE WARD AS KITTY  
AND MR. CYRIL KEIGHTLEY AS WILLIAM ASHE.



1. KITTY, WHO IS DRESSED AS VENUS, SUGGESTS THAT SHE SHALL RECEIVE LADY PARHAM AND THE PRIME MINISTER IN THAT COSTUME.
2. KITTY, OVERHEARING LADY PARHAM RETAIL A SCANDAL ABOUT HER, TURNS HER OUT OF HER HOUSE, AND, HAVING DONE SO, STEADIES HER NERVES BY TAKING TEA.

The stage version of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe" was made by Mrs. Ward herself, together with Miss Margaret Mayo.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]

## FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

### "LE COUP DE FOUDRE."

By Léon Xanroff.  
Théâtre des Folies-  
Dramatiques.

way of arranging for the definite settlement of the affectionate heart, because Vigile does not know who was his father, and if so, how many, as it were; and though he feels quite certain that he had a mother, has no notion as to her identity.

Jeannine, the little lady whom Vigile would like to marry, is the daughter of a savant named Brétisel. Brétisel has a microbe farm (which he carries about in a cage of guinea-pigs), an elderly sister, and views. The latter make him refuse his consent to Jeannine's marriage with Vigile, for there is reason to believe that the elderly sister (whose name is Aglaure) and a severe thunderstorm were responsible, some two-and-twenty years ago, for Vigile's forlorn condition at the beginning of the play.

It was this way. Aglaure's gentle heart had beaten more rapidly than usual one afternoon. She was away in the country; a thunderstorm had overtaken her in a small wayside inn. Her room had grown suddenly dark, the thunder had thundered, the lightning had zigzagged across the window-pane, and in the pitchy darkness she had seen the door open. And the lady knew but little more, and that little unfit for publication, until, some time afterwards, she became Vigile's fond

mamma. These things are so awkward in middle-class families.

Mlle. Fanny is a young lady who, after a purple past or two upon the music-hall stage, has advertised for and found a kindred spirit. The kindred spirit (whose name is Hector) being a bit of an ass, Fanny has told him that if she only had her rights, and so forth, and he has believed her. But Hector's uncle, the Major, has learned about the purple pasts, and is not taking any in the family. Fanny therefore applies to a legal friend for the means by which she can get a father of her own. The legal friend explains that by French law this is merely a question of francs and centimes. Theatrical ladies hire mothers, so why not a father? All that is necessary is for a man of the proper age to call at the town hall and declare himself to be the papa of a child that knows no other, and the papal

In Act II., Alfred is installed in the house of his newly acquired son, and is wearing his pyjamas. Professor Brétisel has fallen in love with Miss Fanny, and Aglaure feels that her elderly maiden heart is palpitating for the gallant Major. Hector, poor ass, is rather worried. If the Major be right and little Miss Fanny is no better than she should be, marriage seems so unnecessary. As, on the other hand, Fanny has become Vigile's sister, the old Professor ought really to be spoken to with some severity. And as Vigile is very anxious to be married to Jeannine, Alfred, his former valet, is, he finds, a very undesirable papa. Alfred is living on the fat of the land. He doesn't mind if it snows. But Aglaure finds more than a little difficulty in believing that Alfred and the thunderstorm were one. And then there comes a complication. Hector's uncle, the Major, has also adopted a paternal course of action. In other words, the Major has adopted Vigile. For the Major on that day of the thunderstorm, twenty-two years ago, was in the same little wayside inn which sheltered Aglaure's charms, and the same thunderstorm that made her tender heart to beat so rapidly had, as he puts it, played the devil with the Major's. Both Aglaure and Vigile are not a little worried. It is bad enough for Aglaure to know that she has one—well, nearly one—husband, and to have two men claiming the position. But it is a good deal worse for Vigile: for although a man may have two fathers, he does not, as a rule, care about the fact being mentioned. So that a large note of interrogation weighs upon the rapidly growing family.

The Major, Aglaure, and Alfred settle down to talk things out. Unfortunately, the merest mention of that twenty-two-year-old thunderstorm so over-excites the lady that she gives the show away. The real trifler with her young affections had been, of course, the Major; but Alfred is a wily bird, and seems to know as many details as the Major does. And then heaven remembers that it is responsible for marriages, and interferes. It is quite easy to make a thunderstorm on the stage. Aglaure presses a dimpled hand to an opulent bosom, and says, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!"; two or three gentlemen in shirt-sleeves behind the scenes waggle a piece of tin, another gentleman in shirt-sleeves plays with a match and some magnesium powder, most of the lights are turned down, and Aglaure goes to sleep and dreams. In the middle of her dream two stalwart arms encircle her yielding form, a military moustache tickles her damask cheek, and she opens her eyes and calls the Major "Mon petit Arthur." A legal gentleman then bobs up in the nick of time and states that Alfred had adopted Vigile ten minutes too late, and the curtain drops upon a happy family and the loss of the Professor's microbes.—JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



LÀ BELLE OTÉRO IN TRAGIC MOOD.  
A NEW PHOTOGRAPH.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

title of Count will cost £10 extra. Alfred, the valet, overhears this conversation and gets a bright idea. Vigile has just turned him out of the house, and as it is so easy to become the father of a boy or of a girl who has no other, he promptly goes off and adopts the two of them. And this legal act is the first one of the play.



A BEAUTY OF THE FRENCH STAGE.  
MLLE. DORZA, OF THE SCALA.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

## AVOIDING UNLUCKY MAY: A FASHIONABLE WEDDING IN SOUTH AFRICA.



A KAFFIR BRIDAL PARTY ON THEIR WAY TO THE RECEPTION KRAAL.

The wedding illustrated took place at a kraal some fifty miles north of Pretoria. The bridal party are shown marching at a funereal pace towards the kraal in which the newly married pair held a reception. The bride's dress, our lady readers may like to know, was of white satin, and with it were worn a white veil and a wreath of orange-blossom. The guests at the reception, were clad less elaborately than the bridal party. The wedding garment consisted, indeed, in many cases, of a blanket, and most of the men were armed with choppers, knives, and pitchforks. Flourishing these, they performed a kind of war-dance, attacking imaginary enemies as they circled round the bride and bridegroom. The festivities lasted four days.—[Photographs by Sent;





CAPTAIN THE HON. NEVILLE HOOD,  
BROTHER OF VISCOUNT HOOD,  
Who is to Marry Miss E. M. Broad  
to-morrow.

*Photograph by Hamilton-Toovey, Jersey.*

will pay flying visits to London during its progress. The Sovereign is expected to be at Newmarket to-day week (Wednesday, May 6); then will come the first Levée of the season, and it is thought probable that his Majesty will pay a short visit to the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, in order to be present at Chester Races on the Cup Day. The May Courts are likely to be exceptionally brilliant and very fully attended. Prince Arthur of Connaught is to open the Scottish National Exhibition at Edinburgh on May 1.

*Some Portraits of the Year?* According to gossip, this is to be from the sightseer's point of view a portrait Academy. Mr. Sargent's exhibits will be headed by the first English royal portraits painted by the great artist, his sitters having been the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. A good deal of interest will also be felt in Mr. Seymour Lucas's paintings of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and of that essentially royal medico, Sir Francis Laking. Recalling a Gainsborough in general effect is the delightful counterfeit presentment of Lady Camden by Mr. Frank Dicksee. The young Marchioness is shown standing dressed in white, in the beautiful park of Bayham Abbey. Mr. John Collier will exhibit a characteristic portrait of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and those sightseers who look to the same clever and imaginative artist for a "thrill" will not be disappointed, for his genre picture this year will be called "Sentence of Death," being a scene in a modern surgeon's consulting-room.

*To-morrow's West-Country Wedding.* To-morrow, Falmouth will be en fête in honour of the marriage of Miss Eveline Mary Broad, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. U. Broad, of Tresilian, to Captain the Hon. Neville Hood, Viscount Hood's second brother. The gallant bridegroom, who was one of the first to go out to South Africa and one of the last to leave the seat

AFTER having spent a delightful visit with their younger daughter in quaint, old-world Norway, their Majesties return to a very busy round of engagements. The King is known to be most anxious that the Franco-British Exhibition shall be a success, and several foreign royal personages

of war, comes of an old Dorset family and is connected with the Nelsons. He is the first of the four brothers to enter the holy estate, for Lord Hood is still a bachelor. The wedding will be celebrated at the parish church, Falmouth, and will be the occasion of a great gathering of West-country notables.



MR. S. W. JAMIESON AND MISS MURIEL WHITELEY, DAUGHTER  
OF THE CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP,  
Whose Wedding takes place to-morrow (Thursday).

*[Photographs by C. Vandyk.]*

MISS E. M. BROAD, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND  
MRS. BROAD, OF TRESILIAN, FALMOUTH.  
Who is to Marry Captain the Hon. Neville  
Hood to-morrow.

*Photograph by H. Opie and Sons.*

*At St. Margaret's, Westminster.* To-morrow will see a pretty political wedding celebrated, as all political weddings seem to be nowadays, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride, Miss Muriel Whiteley, is the elder daughter of the popular Chief Liberal Whip. The bridegroom, Mr. Stanley Wyndham Jamieson, is a distant connection of the late Premier, and through the Wyndhams of Norfolk he claims direct descent from Edward I. The bridal procession bids fair to be an exceptionally pretty one, for the quant Directoire modes have been called into play, and while Miss Whiteley will wear orthodox white satin, fashioned in the style first invented by the Empress Josephine, the seven bridesmaids will be gowned in pale grey crêpe-de-Chine, and the colouring of their large hats, wreathed in La France roses, will be repeated in the cluster of pink roses tied to the Directoire canes—tall and gold-tipped—which will complete each costume.

*The Royal Speech that Failed.* Both the King and the Prince

of Wales will feel an interest in the Royal Academy banquet to-morrow, at which, for the first time, there are to be no speeches. In the diary of the Prince's *Bacchanle* travels there is a little note commendatory of the habit of Japanese diners, who feed and converse, but do not orate. The King has reason to remember the R.A. annual as the only occasion on which he failed as speech-maker. The speech went admirably till the middle was reached, then the royal memory failed, and the Prince, as he then was, came to a dead stop. Everybody gave up the conclusion of the speech as lost, but the Prince continued standing until he recovered the lost thread, and finished with flying colours. "That was most provoking," he said, turning to Sir Charles Eastlake, "I knew it by heart this morning." "You'll have to sing a song now to atone," was the laughing rejoinder of a royal brother-in-law.



THE CHAMPION ROYAL LADY WRESTLER: THE PRINCESS DANILO  
OF MONTENEGRO.

Before her marriage the Princess was the Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg. In his recently published book on Montenegro, Dr. P. Loewenhaupt gives the following account of her as wrestler: "The wife of Montenegro's future ruler is a lady of many dissimilar hobbies and attainments. Besides being a brilliant pianist and a clever needlewoman, she devotes much time to caricaturing her friends, and spends one evening every week in the very masculine sport of wrestling. The Princess understands jiu-jitsu, and is almost invariably successful in the bouts in which she so frequently indulges."

Club Badges: "The Sketch's" Special Series.



VII.—THE CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB.

*Photograph of Miss Crissie Bell by S. Elwin Neame; of the Room by Campbell-Gray.*



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Hoaxing  
Delane.**

So many tributes to the genius and triumphs of Delane have been called forth by his biography that the lord of the "Thunderer" might be regarded as a man unredeemed by a single weakness. But, happily, even he had his limitations. Ciphers were beyond him. Thus it fell out that a message which appeared month by month in cryptogram passed unchallenged by the man who presided over the columns in which it had place. At last two diligent students of the cipher advertisements puzzled it out. They were Lyon Playfair and Sir Charles Wheatstone. They found that the mysterious announcement so oft repeated came to this: "The *Times* is the Jeffreys of the Press." Straightway they sought Delane and informed him that he was publishing a condemnation of his paper as the wicked Judge. To the surprise and pain of his informants, the editor was vastly angry, and failed to find the humour which the situation presented to their minds.

**A Heroine  
Unawares.**

His adventures with Raisuli which Kaid Sir Harry Maclean has at last given to the world render it grimly humorous to reflect that the heavy villain of the piece is now a British subject. Time works wondrous changes, as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy thought when he sat at dinner next the officer who, twenty years before, had held a warrant for his arrest as a dangerous political incendiary. Perhaps the strangest example of the changes wrought in this way occurred in a Scottish drawing-room, where a widowed lady picked up Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's novel, "Lochandhu," asking, "Ay, and what may this be about?" She opened it at a page which told how "Old Borlam," the last of the Highland raiders to operate in the nineteenth century, had achieved his final coup, and how his wife had helped to pick out the initials on the stolen linen. The old lady who read the lines was Old Borlam's widow, the heroine of the initial-picking. Her carriage was now conveniently announced, and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg volunteered to escort her. She protested, but he insisted. "Well, well, I suppose you'll have to see it," she said, and he went forth to find the stately carriage an old country-cart, with a wisp of hay in the middle for a seat.

**The Forty  
Feathers.**

Dublin Castle, which is now witnessing another re-shuffle of offices, has seen the wreck of more political reputations than any other place in the Empire. It is the way of the place, and extends at times beyond mere politics, judging, at any rate, from a specific and sensational instance. It is history—modern history, and might have run its

course to furnish Mr. A. E. W. Mason, with the basis of his finest novel. The man in the centre of the picture was an A.D.C. to the Viceroy, a really gallant and estimable fellow, who had, however, managed by some means to get into the bad books of some of Dublin's most malicious daughters. They inferred, or affected to infer, that he did not possess courage enough to join his corps in the field. To mark their view of his case they sent him an official envelope, endorsed "Urgent." He opened it in a public place. From the envelope there fluttered a cloud of white feathers—only that and nothing more.

**The Only  
Way.**

A gentleman ranker who has been describing in the *Times* the life of the "logger" in the backwoods tells us that his comrades are apt to work with one foot on bankruptcy, the other on a borrowed dollar. This accounts for the otherwise inexplicable methods adopted by one

of a party not mentioned by the correspondent quoted, when a loud cry rang through the camp for whisky. They, like our friend, had failed to sell their logs, and there seemed no way of replenishing their keg. One of them promised to try his art; so, putting half a gallon of water into a cask, he entered a saloon and demanded half a gallon of the spirit desired. The exact quantity was supplied, and joined the water in the cask. "You must wait for the money till we come down again, as we have left our timber and shall return next

week," said the lumberman. This did not suit the storekeeper. "Very well, take the whisky back, then," said the other. Boniface measured back his half-gallon of grog, and the logger rejoined his companions smiling, with two quarts of whisky-and-water in the keg under his arm.

**A Double  
Mistake.**

The many candidates who, swearing that they will ne'er consent, seem all too ready to consent to succeed Mr. Roosevelt in the Presidency are quite eligible on the score of birth. That is the one thing needful—to be American-born. George Francis Train was convinced that he would become the father of a future President, so when his wife, while resident with him in Melbourne, announced the imminent gratification of his hopes, he patriotically sent her forthwith to New York, that his son and heir should be born on American soil, and so qualified for the Presidency. Having thus spent a good deal of money on the venture, he was informed that his foresight was unnecessary—that potential Presidents may be born where they will, provided that they are careful in the matter of the nationality of their parents. Moreover, the boy in this case proved to be a girl.



THE LITTLE TICH  
WHO STOPPED THE  
TRAFFIC: THE MODEL OF  
THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN WHICH  
MADE AN APPEARANCE IN COURT  
THE OTHER DAY.

Little Tich himself is appearing at the Tivoli; Little Tich in model form was recently appearing in Shaftesbury Avenue. The model, which was charged at Marlborough Street the other day with causing an obstruction, belongs to Mr. Henry Norris Davidge, the well-known chemist of Shaftesbury Avenue, and works in a most life-like fashion, imitating, of course, the popular comedian it is intended to represent.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch."



WHEN THE WOODPECKER WOULD PECK WOOD.



A QUESTION OF LIFE AND DEATH.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THAT actors receive "the courtesy of the house," and are admitted free to theatres when they are not acting, is a fact known by most playgoers, who not infrequently try to take advantage of it in order to obtain, through their actor friends, tickets for the play. The request for seats from an actor is always replied to in a generous spirit, and he is invariably given the best available places in the house. How liberally this rule is carried out is amusingly demonstrated by an experience of Mr. Caleb Porter, whose remarkable gift of seeing faces in people's signatures was illustrated a couple of weeks ago in this paper, who has for some time been a member of Miss Lily Brayton and Mr. Oscar Asche's company. He was once playing in a provincial town, and, having a night off, he went, with two or three friends, to the other theatre in the town, and, presenting his card, asked the manager to oblige him with a box. The manager explained that he was not opening the boxes that night, but he added humorously: "I can give you the whole of the dress-circle." Into the dress-circle the party were accordingly shown, and they sat there undisturbed by other occupants during the performance of the melodrama which formed the evening's entertainment. One scene of that melodrama was a tangled jungle in which a dozen bul-rushes did duty for the rank undergrowth through which the starving hero forced his way. When he got into the centre of the stage he looked round helplessly and bemoaned his lot, finally exclaiming that he was alone in all that dreary wilderness. At that moment the starving heroine, who had passed days of anguish wandering about the forest, entered. She was dressed in blue satin, as near the height of fashion as the scanty resources of the salary list allowed, and in her hair, which was done in the most approved style, there glittered a tiara of diamonds. She advanced to the hero, and, striking an attitude, exclaimed, "You are wrong, Reginald! *Me* and 'eaven are 'ere."

Mrs. Langtry, who regards her appearance at the Haymarket as a home-coming (for she made her début there), has already written fifty-five thousand words of her promised Memoirs. One chapter, dealing with her later career on the stage, ought certainly to be headed "A Great Chieftainess," in memory of an interesting incident which happened when she went to South Africa. On the voyage she was not only extremely popular with the passengers, but was literally worshipped by all the ship's hands on account of the notice she took of them. She even fished with the stokers, and one day when she left her line in order to go to lunch, she found, on returning, that the men had caught a fish and attached it to her hook, in order that they might see her have the pleasure of pulling it in. When she arrived at Durban the Mayor, accompanied by the Mayoress

and several of the leading citizens, went on board to welcome her. They remained so long in her cabin that, when they were ready to go on shore, the other passengers had already departed. As Mrs. Langtry walked down the gang-plank she heard a magnificent cheer from the ship. She turned and looked, and lining the whole of the side were all the members of the crew, from the chief officers down to the

most insignificant boy, shouting for all they were worth, in order to give her a great send-off. On the wharf itself there was a great crowd of people to give an answering cheer of welcome to the woman of whose wonderful beauty they had all heard, and they were determined to make her welcome on shore no less whole-hearted than that which had marked her departure from the steamer. That welcome was followed by a quaint episode. As Mrs. Langtry went to the carriage which was in waiting, and as she drove away in it, all the 'rikisha men who lined the street

fell flat on their faces before her. They had been told that "a great chieftainess" had arrived, and that was the way in which they paid their homage.

Miss Gerty Murray, one of the petite actresses at the Prince of Wales's, who plays Antoinette in "My Mimosa Maid," had a narrow escape of tragically ending her theatrical career before it had well begun. It was during the rehearsals of "The Bondman," at Drury Lane, when, in the last act—in which she appeared as the little waiting-maid Natalina—she inadvertently went too near a stage-lamp which was alight. In a moment her dress was on fire. A terrible accident was only averted by the presence of mind of the late Mr. Austin Melford, who stripped off his coat and wrapped Miss Murray in it, thus extinguishing the flames. She soon felt, however, that musical comedy, not serious drama, was her *métier*, and sought an interview with Mr. Paul Rubens. He assured her that the company was quite full for "Miss Hook of Holland." "That makes no difference to me," Miss Murray replied; "you've got to find a place for me."

"But I can't find a place when the company is engaged," said Mr. Rubens. "It's easier than if the company were not," persisted the young actress epigrammatically. "Besides," she went on, "can't you see that I look Dutch off the stage? Why, I've begun to wear my hair in two plaits down my back already!" And she turned round, that he might see the long plaits of gold-brown hair. Whether her arguments were incontrovertible or not, Mr. Paul Rubens did not controvert them. He saw that resistance was useless, so he engaged her before she left the office, and at various times she deputised for Miss Eva Kelly as Gretchen and for Miss Bethel as the Distillery-maid. Her present engagement is the reward of her own enterprise.



TO APPEAR AT THE ALHAMBRA:  
MISS VALESKA SURATT, THE  
AMERICAN VAUDEVILLE ARTIST.

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*



APPEARING IN "HAVANA," AT THE GAIETY, MISS MURIEL LENNOX.

*Photograph by Rita Martin.*

BUT HE WAS AS MAD AS A MARCH HARE.



THE COCKNEY SPORTSMAN: Well, I'm jiggered! I never heard a dying rabbit make a noise like that before.

THE KEEPER: No, Sir; but Bill ain't no rabbit.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

SINCE publishers are mostly authors nowadays, I cannot imagine why they are not members of the Society of Authors. What wisdom would not Mr. Methuen or Mr. Heinemann bring to those counsels! It is not the publishers who are coy. I suppose it is the society that shuns the contact, for I remember that when the society was first formed, the late Mr. Andrew Tuer, author and publisher, offered himself as a candidate, and was not considered eligible. It may be said that this is the case of a man who was a publisher first and an author afterwards. But how would an author fare who turned publisher? Would George Meredith, for example, be called on to resign his Presidency of the Authors' Society if he joined his son in the honourable firm of Constable and Co.? Yet authors lately talked of setting up as publishers on their own account! If they did so, their own society would, I suppose, strike them off the rolls. Once a publisher, always a publisher, and nothing but a publisher! He is not allowed a second identity, even though Dr. Albert Wilson is about to explain to us, in a forthcoming volume, that the meanest criminal he has known is not merely dual, but is at least fourteen men, each with a separate possibility clamouring for recognition and capable of development.

I am glad to see that the ambition to write books is spreading from those who publish to those who merely print them. Mr. Samuel Cowan, J.P., of Perth, has now put his name to the title-pages of two volumes of a history of "The Royal House of Stuart." According to the critics, the book is not a very good, albeit a very handsome, one. The author omits the preposition "to" after "write" and "wrote"; one of his people "got married," and another "landed at Kent"; he commits such Scotticisms as "homologate," and uses "conform" as an adjective; he "routes" an army, when he means that he routs it; and he seems to think that the clergy of the English Church preach in black gowns. In spite of all this, in spite of the graver defect that Mr. Cowan here and there writes, like a greater man before him, *his story* rather than history, the apparition of the head of a great Printing House among the authors is welcome enough. If he does not himself "compose," in the double sense of the word, as Henry George did—compositor and composer in one, using the type itself as another uses a type-writer—he will, in seeing his own book through the press, learn to sympathise with the sufferings of authors in general during that tiresome process. And it would be hard if the printer did not sometimes partake of the glories of authorship, if only in fulfilment of the old command—"Muzzle not the Ass that treadeth out the corn"!

There are two things that Sir Theodore Martin can never forget—his friendship with Queen Victoria and the noise made by motor-cars in the neighbourhood of Onslow Square. Of the latter we have heard the echoes time and again; and it

will be a pleasant relief to get Sir Theodore into an undisturbed anecdotal again. He must perforce forget the roar of the road, the answering rattle in the room, the sound of the hooter and the smell of petrol; for these things are not Victorian; and Sir Theodore is too good a writer not to live in the spirit of the time of which he treats. Queen Victoria was wholly contented with her bays; and she never made an expedition in the cars which her successor has done more than any other man in his kingdom to bring into vogue.

I do not wish to see the amateur gape, and still less to make the mouths of the less lucky professionals water, but it is worth recording that the sum of £800 has been paid by a magazine to a popular author for a short—a very short—story. A kindred item is the offer of £100 to another author, also a popular novelist, for a short note commending a certain encyclopædia. In the latter case the offer was gently but firmly declined.

Precious stones belong by right of their beautiful names to the poets, but that right does not often bring them into the poet's hand. Coventry Patmore was an exception in that he did actually collect, and, like a good collector, he loved to handle and fondle his hobby. He would produce from his waistcoat pocket an emerald or ruby and give it for your consideration as another poet would give you a lyric; and much more direct than the usual compliment of comparison between woman and the jewel is his couplet—

A woman, like the Koh-i-Noor,  
Mounts to the price that's put on her.

But, apart from Patmore, I do not remember that stones or jewellery are much associated with the persons of poets. It is generally men of frock-coats and City

ways who have the rings; Donne's bracelet, let it be remembered, was a bracelet of hair—the dark hair of his lady.

Coventry Patmore wrote "How I Managed My Estate," but the stones on that estate were not precious, and I have often regretted that he left no guide to the amateur in "portable property." But Mr. Goodchild, M.B., has written such a book as Patmore could have written—with a difference. His "Precious Stones" has much of the information which has been the heritage and monopoly of the jeweller, to the oftentimes confounding of the layman. But the layman has before now meddled with stones; it was largely due to Sir Walter Scott that England fell into line and became very shy of opals. A versifier of the older superstitions seems not to have known any evil of that most exquisite of semi-precious stones. It is an autumn stone, and the verse runs—

October's child is born for woe,  
And life's vicissitudes must know;  
But lay an opal on her breast,  
And hope will lull her woes to rest.

M. E.



SPOTTED, NATURALLY.

[DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.]

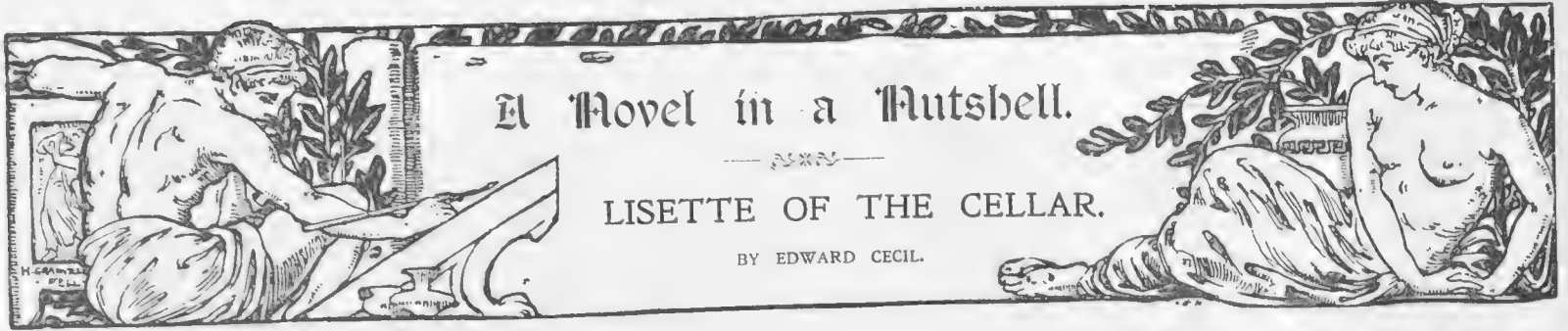
FIRST COLOURED GENTLEMAN: What a race! Wonder if you could spot the winner, Jim?  
JIM: The winner is spotted already.

AIR, THE RESTORER.



ALL: Give 'im air. *(They give it, in the usual manner.)*

DRAWN BY NOEL POCKOCK.



IN the nameless, narrow cul-de-sac to which entrance is gained from the Rue de la Bergère, itself a narrow and tortuous street near the Place des Vosges, there lived in the summer of 1869 a girl who was known to the inhabitants of the Impasse as Lisette of the Cellar.

She was thus called partly in distinction from that other Lisette of whom the court was proud, partly in contempt. She did not, indeed, live, as some of the human dregs of Paris lived then, in a cellar; but at the basement window of one of the houses she was daily to be seen working, so long as the daylight lasted. Afterwards she worked for many hours longer, by the light of a lamp. She worked so industriously that she came to be spoken of as a miser, for, despite her labour, she lived with every sign of extreme poverty.

Old Jacques Grosmain, one of the idlers of the Impasse, when he had a few francs in his pocket often stopped on hot summer nights, when her window was open, and, looking down, asked her to leave her toil and the Impasse behind her and go out with him somewhere where the air was cool. And during the winter he or another often asked her to join them at the Café of the Shepherdess. But she always refused.

"It would be good to see her laugh," said old Grosmain. "She is young. Name of a name, if her shoulders were straight she would be pretty!"

She had been pretty once. There were some, however, who were careful never to spare Lisette. They laughed down her protests, threatened to search her cellar for her hidden store of gold, because they enjoyed seeing fear come into her eyes. They compared her remorselessly with that other Lisette whom they worshipped. It seemed to them something amusing that her chest was becoming flat.

Of that other Lisette, whom the dwellers in the Impasse loved, some little must be said. She was a girl of great physical beauty; her features were faultless, her limbs were straight and perfect; her health was as rude as that of some animal of the fields; she was strong and perfectly formed. In her veins the rich wine of life flowed freely. Unlike Lisette of the Cellar—of the round shoulders and the dull eyes—she enjoyed living.

In that Paris of the Second Empire she found a place. She had no need to live in the Impasse; but she had been born in it, and she therefore loved it. It was her home. She knew no parents, and it may be said that she was the child of the Impasse.

"Are you not all my comrades?" she said, with a light laugh, when old Grosmain asked her why she lived with them when she might have had a pleasant house—say, at Passy. "Moreover," she added, "while I am thus, I am free."

It was not surprising that the Impasse loved its child.

Of what did Lisette of the Cellar think during those long hours through which she sat toiling with her needle? Did she think at all? If she did not, it is hard to explain the smile which sometimes lit up her face:

There was, indeed, before Lisette a future which was ever present. When her fingers were stiff, she pictured it till she actually seemed to live in it. When her shoulders ached, she called up its details. When at length her right arm refused to draw the cotton tight, thinking of that future so strengthened her that she forgot that she was exhausted. What a good future it was! A little village in Touraine bathed in sunlight before her eyes; a stretch of open country; above all, a child's face, very different from the faces of the children of the Impasse—such were her visions of the future.

It was, after all, a simple enough thing which kept Lisette toiling. Far away from Paris, in a little village of Touraine, her mother lived—her mother and a child, a boy, four years old, in whose eyes there was the light of happiness and on whose cheeks there was the glow of health. Day by day he laughed and played; day by day he grew from childhood to boyhood in the sweet Touraine air. All that his mother earned, after providing for the bare necessities of her own life, went to that Touraine village and to her savings.

Lisette's toil and poverty were not useless. Moreover, in her self-inflicted poverty she was making atonement for her sin in the past, and the greater her present poverty, the nearer her future, when she also would be in Touraine.

"You have repented and made atonement," the Curé of Ste. Geneviève told her; "you will not lack your reward." He spoke gently. In his eyes she was almost a saint.

One August evening, Lisette sat at her window sewing, with a great pile of work beside her, work from her best customer—that other Lisette whom the Impasse loved. It was such work as had come to her many times. There was the skirt of an expensive silk dress, a flounce of which had come unstitched; there was other rich clothing, made at the best shops in Paris, which had been heedlessly damaged; there was lingerie which had been carelessly torn, all of it hand-stitched and embroidered by the patient hands which now once again went over it. It was the usual wreckage of the other Lisette's heedless life which came to Lisette of the Cellar for repair. And for the hundredth time she rebelled dully against it.

There was something more than irony in the fate which made Lisette the good Catholic the slave of Lisette the *filie*. There was that clashing of two great forces which produces tragedy. "They must hate each other," said old Grosmain, "those two, the child of pleasure and the Curé's saint. Some day you will see." He was an acute observer, this old idler who picked up his living as he could.

On that August evening, as she sat at her window, hot, bitter thoughts of hatred swelled up in Lisette's mind.

She bent over her work industriously. After all, why should it matter for whom she worked? She was paid for it, though never at more than the fair market value for what she did.

More than any other thought, perhaps, this reflection pricked her as a goad. Though money was always plentiful for Lisette the *filie*, though she often scattered it broadcast in the Impasse, she gave only the barest market value for her work to the girl who toiled for her. And when she paid, she did so contemptuously, always exactly, always scrupulously to the fraction of a franc. Sometimes, when there were mistakes, the payment was less than the market value of the work. Yet, since it came so frequently, Lisette of the Cellar could not afford to refuse it. Nevertheless, her hatred never lost its strength.

Lisette the *filie* was physically perfect. She was so well able to pour contempt upon the round shoulders of the toiler, since her own were straight and beautiful. She could look into the other's eyes and see them dull, because her own were always bright with the sheer joy of living. Lisette of the Cellar was indeed her inferior. Her toil had stamped her. Whereas to Lisette the *filie* Nature had given everything. A Grecian statue was not more fine than she, so they said in the Latin Quarter.

And the inferior Lisette hated the other Lisette because of her perfection, yet told herself that she did so because the *filie* lived in open, shameless sin, the money she gained being the price of sin, the perfection she had been given, the lure of the devil.

"Her whole life ministers to sin," thought Lisette the saint. "It is incredible that God allows her to live. The very work that I do helps her; the money I earn from her is polluted."

"It would be better," thought Lisette of the Cellar, "if she were dead. She makes me minister to her sin."

But she went on doing the work, and sent the money to the little village in Touraine. And as she did the work she hid under a garb of righteousness her natural human hatred.

That August night, when the light failed, she put together the work she had done and took it up to the second floor, the whole of which was rented by the *filie* and furnished in comfort and, in some details, in luxury.

A few minutes later she was kneeling beside her employer, who stood before a long mirror. She was pulling the silk skirt she had repaired into position. And suddenly, as she did so, she began to tremble. She had sewn the flounce which had become unstitched not to the foundation of the skirt, but to the flounce above it. In consequence the skirt was rucked hideously at the side. It was a stupid mistake, and as she tried to smooth what could not be smoothed, the girl's hand trembled.

Lisette the *filie* twisted her body round to see what delayed the proper falling of the skirt. She saw instantly what had been done. She also saw the trembling hand, and her anger surged up. "You fool!" she cried. "You careless fool! What do I pay you for? Are you becoming blind?"

Her right hand was disengaged. She had wished to wear the dress that night, and now she could not. She did not seek to

[Continued overleaf.]



## NO COMPENSATION FOR OUT-OF-OFFICE CARELESSNESS.



THE EMPLOYÉ: Please, Sir, I've been an' gone an' got married, and I'd like you to raise my wages, Sir.  
THE EMPLOYER (*worried by thoughts of the Workmen's Compensation Act*): Very sorry for you, Smith, I'm sure, but I can't do that. I'm only responsible for accidents that happen in the works, you know.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

restrain her anger, but raising her arm, she struck down sharply, and the back of her hand fell upon the kneeling girl's cheek. Her soft, rounded arm did not lack strength. The blow was hard.

Lisette of the Cellar ceased to tremble. Her lips closed in a firm line, her face grew white save for those red marks where the *filles'* knuckles had almost broken through the skin. Without knowing how she did so, she restrained herself. Her lips moved.

"What is that you are saying?" cried the *fille*. "You are praying? You little fool, are you praying?"

Her burst of anger passed into her usual cold contempt.

"Why don't you strike me back?" she taunted. "Come, do so!"

She looked down, amused. She despised the girl, who was still on her knees, but she was puzzled. She was surprised that her power of restraint was so great. She almost decided to strike again.

"I will do nothing," she said. "You shall have your blow back. I will not move, I will not flinch. Come, strike!"

Lisette of the Cellar did not speak. Every muscle in her body was ready to strike. But she did nothing, as she rose from her knees.

Her tormentor laughed. "Come," she tempted contemptuously, "and strike at your will. You would like well to see my beauty spoiled. Spoil it!"

But Lisette of the Cellar went to the door of the room without speaking, opened it, and went out.

When she had gone, Lisette the *fille* sat puzzled. She knew that the power which had helped Lisette of the Cellar was not human. For that alone she hated her.

"She is mad!" she told herself contemptuously, after a time. "Poor, flat-chested, round-shouldered little fool, she is mad!"

Within a short time she was ready to go out. She went downstairs and out into the Impasse. She exchanged a gay word with everyone she met, and at the corner of the Rue de la Bergère she found a *fiacre*. She stepped into it, and the *cocher* clacked his whip as he headed his horse westward across the Place des Vosges. From the corner one of the Impasse idlers waved his hand, and Lisette the *fille* smiled gayly and waved back.

Had the Curé of St. Geneviève been in the Impasse that night he might have seen that the devil was busy.

When the twilight had waned, and the shadows of night were already deep, old Grosmain, passing along the Impasse, looked down and saw that Lisette of the Cellar sat by her open window. He continued to look. He could not believe his eyes. She was not working.

"Well," he exclaimed, "how is it that you have not lit your lamp? I have never seen you sitting like this before. Are you ill?"

Lisette looked up. She had not noticed that darkness had come.

"No," she said, "I am not ill. Is it strange that I should be resting?"

"My faith," said Grosmain, "not at all! But when have I seen you doing so before?"

He remained leaning against the railings, though Lisette did not offer to talk. "You work too hard," he observed after a pause.

"That is my affair," she answered sharply.

"La-la! How you snap me up! I was only thinking that I have seen others like you. Always work and never play has only one end—Père Lachaise."

Lisette said nothing, but old Grosmain was not dismayed. "You bury yourself in your work so much," he continued, "that you do not even know the news of the Impasse. You do not know, of course, what happened to-day in the Rue de la Bergère?"

"No," said Lisette listlessly. "What was it?"

Old Grosman laughed. "A little family affair came to a sudden termination—that is all. You know Jules Legrand, the pork-butcher? No? Ah, well, you do not come to the Café of the Shepherdess! Well, a few hours ago he killed his wife. She had not been faithful. He told me that some day he would do it. Well, to-day it has been done."

Lisette questioned him almost as he spoke.

"How was it done?" she asked.

"Easily enough. He had a short, sharp knife. One stab, here, just where the heart beats, and it was done."

"You say, easily enough," said Lisette. "Is it easy to take another's life?"

"It is not difficult. It is often done. It has been done once or twice here in this Impasse. A sharp knife with a strong point, and a steady hand—*v'là*, it is done!"

The old idler shrugged his shoulders. Lisette shuddered.

"And if the hand be not steady?" she queried.

"Well, it will bungle," cried old Grosmain, with a laugh.

Then he began to talk about Jules Legrand, and, to his surprise, Lisette listened and questioned him. He looked at her keenly.

Several hours passed, and not only darkness, but even silence, fell upon the Impasse. With her window open, without a light, alone in the darkness, Lisette of the Cellar sat in her basement room—waiting.

In the reaction which had come after her almost superhuman self-control under the *fille's* blow, her hatred had grown to a strength which it had never known before. She wished that she had buried her fingers in the *fille's* smooth, round throat. They were strong. They might have done their work. Even as this thought possessed her, old Grosmain had come with his tale of the easiness with which

a knife may be driven to rest in the heart. Now, as she sat waiting, Lisette of the Cellar had beside her such a knife as she had learned was best fitted for her purpose.

After a time she heard Lisette the *fille* returning. She heard her footstep and the rustle of her dress. She even heard her enter the Impasse, she heard her come to the door and enter the house; she heard her mount the stairs and shut her door. Then she listened intently. She did not lock it. And she was alone.

"It is to be to-night, after all," she reflected. "Well, the less waiting. I am glad."

She began to make her preparations. She lit her lamp and covered her window with the curtain that served for a blind. She took from a corner of the room a small box, the key of which she kept on a string round her neck.

Out of this box she took several things—a bundle of notes, her savings; a rosary and some religious medals; finally, a piece of folded paper, which contained a lock of a child's hair. In the bottom of the box was a scrawled letter—nearly four years old. It had been written to her by the man to whom she had given her love, when he left her. She had kept it for four years, but now, in her exultation, she held it over the lamp till it caught fire. Then she held it before her, and watched it burning. When she had put the bundle of notes, the medals, and the paper containing the lock of her child's hair safely into the bosom of her dress, she knelt down to pray. Afterwards she put out her lamp, opened the door of the room, and, going out, closed it behind her. It was then the hour before dawn.

When she stood outside her own door three flights of stairs separated Lisette of the Cellar from the door of the room where Lisette the *fille* slept. They were full of darkness and silence.

And Lisette mounted cautiously, step by step. Yet, despite her caution, the loose boards of the stairs often creaked. And each time the silence was rent Lisette became motionless, and remained motionless till the silence had become once again deep. And suddenly, when the first flight had been passed, she realised that her hand, which had been steady when she put out the lamp, had begun to tremble.

"If my hand is unsteady," was her terrified thought, "I shall not be able to bring to an end this life of sin."

And once again her lips shaped a prayer. After that she mounted to the top of the second flight.

Lisette's plan was simple. When the knife had been driven home she would hurry from the house and from the Impasse for ever. Perhaps she would go for a time to Touraine, perhaps in some other remote corner of Paris she would continue her toil. But wherever she went, she told herself, she would have the consciousness that the world was better for what she had done. That night, through her, a life of shameless sin would end. She had persuaded herself that the deed to the doing of which she stole up those creaking flights of stairs was a righteous one. Her hand that night was the hand of God.

She went forward, and once again the creaking boards made her progress slow, once again her hand was trembling. She knew nothing of the great gulf she was seeking to cross—the wide gulf that always exists between the intention and the actual crime. She had imagined it was but a step, as many do.

In her bosom rested those religious medals which from time to time had been given her, and the paper in which was a lock of her child's hair. Would the medals have been given her if she had then ever done what she was now resolved to do? When she went to confession, in a few days, would she confess that she had killed Lisette the *fille*? When her child came to her arms, would he know that her hands had been stained with blood?

These questions began to assail her, but she reached the end of the third flight. She stood outside the door. She took courage. With how good a will would she drive the knife home!

With how good a will! The thought clung to her. With how good a will! Her hand was once again steady. And then suddenly she stood motionless. No stair had creaked. The silence was deep and profound. She was alone at the end of her journey. *Why was her will so good?* Why had the mere thought made her hand so steady? The question burnt itself into her consciousness, and she realised that the sin of Lisette the *fille*, before God, was not the reason why she stood there in the darkness with a knife in her hand. It was only the cloak beneath which she hid her hatred.

And for a long time she stood there motionless. She had seen the truth.

Upon the next day, Lisette of the Cellar sat at her window working. In the early morning light she was unstitching a flounce upon a silk skirt. In her face were traces of the ordeal through which she had passed, but her thoughts were calm. Before long her future would come.

In a room three flights of stairs distant, Lisette the *fille* lay lazily thinking of the events of the day which had passed. It had been for her, as were so many days, a day of triumph. But, though she gave no heed to it, the future held for her only one certainty. Her youth would pass. Her rounded limbs would wither. Her strength would fail. And when it came to fighting against the dying of her youth no one would pity her. For her the future held nothing of which she dared think.

THE END.





## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

A STORY is going the rounds that when Mr. McKenna first appeared at the Admiralty to take over his new office he was confronted with a large notice inscribed, "This way to Kenna's Kabin." The new First Lord will install his bride in one of the most interesting of those official dwellings which are among the very pleasant

perquisites of Cabinet Ministers. For a while at least, till the new Admiralty is ready, Mrs. Reginald McKenna—youngest of Government hostesses—will dwell in the stately rooms which owe their being to the famous Georgian architect, Ripley. Curiously enough, the great reception-rooms are all upon the ground floor. They are full of pictures and other memorials connected with the senior service, and even the drawing-room is a distinctly nautical apartment, for it is hung with some fine seascapes.

*Miss Crawford's Marriage.*

The marriage of Miss Eleanor Crawford, daughter of Mr. Marion Crawford,

AN EXTRAORDINARY GATE: A REMARKABLE WROUGHT-IRON DOOR TO ONE OF THE CHAPELS IN ROSKILDE CATHEDRAL, DENMARK.

*Photograph by Harvey.*

to the Chevalier Pietro Rocca marks yet another occasion upon which an English or American girl has wedded a foreigner. It will be remembered that Miss Labouchere married the Marquis di Rudini, a great Sicilian nobleman. Mr. Marion Crawford himself is indeed a citizen of the world, being of American parentage, born in Italy, and educated in America, England, Italy, and Germany. Mrs. Crawford, who is a daughter of General Berdan, of the United States Sharpshooters, is equally cosmopolitan, and, like her husband, an accomplished linguist. She was educated partly at St. Petersburg and partly in Berlin, and her marriage to Mr. Crawford took place at Constantinople.

*Laurels and the Laureate.*

We may expect something piquant from the Poet Laureate to-night when he addresses the Dante Society on the great Florentine's Poetic Conception of Women. Mr. Austin endures the criticisms of his own work with such perfect suavity that he earns the right to say pungent things of others, and to the full avails himself of that right. He roundly condemns Wordsworth for frequent lapses into "abstract verbiage"; and is to this day anathema to lovers of Tennyson for that declaration of his, that "In Memoriam" will assuredly be handed over to the dust as soon as a generation arises which has come to its senses." Himself had not risen to eminence as a poet

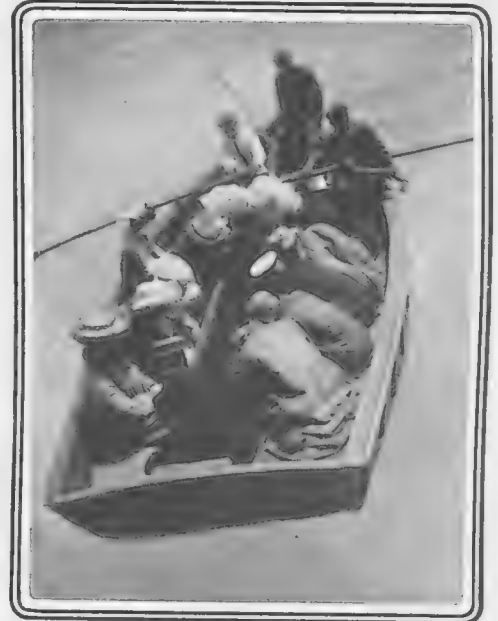
when he wrote that; nor had he been dubbed "Henry Haustin," all-round champion wrestler with English verse at its worst." Let the critics say as they may, the Laureate is perfectly happy in the belief in his powers. The poet, he says, could be equally successful as an administrator, general, statesman, or archbishop. Which is just what the biographer says of Delane, but the *Times* denies it.

*Kent and Ireland.*

A man of Kent with an Irish title, Lord Drogheda, celebrates to-day his sixty-second birthday. He has no association now with Drogheda beyond the name, his estate in Kilkeny constituting the material link between himself and Ireland. His interests in the "ould country" are, however, not confined to material considerations, and the practical effects of his influence are to be traced in the development of the Irish Industries Association, which has become, under his presidency, a highly important body. Lord Drogheda's chance of succeeding to the title was at one time very remote. A distant cousin, looking strong enough to outlive ten ordinary heirs-presumptive, was the eighth Earl and third Marquess, but he died unexpectedly without issue. The marquessate became extinct at his death, but the earldom continues.

*Back from the Land.*

A well-merited distinction is that which Cheltenham bestows upon Sir John Dorington to-morrow, when it makes him one of its freemen. Sir John has served his county in Parliament none the less zealously from the fact that it was at his home that the Gunpowder Plot was hatched. His services in the amelioration of the lot of the insane have been not inconsiderable; neither have they been always unattended by danger, as witness the attack made by a patient upon one of Sir John's contemporary Commissioners, whom the madman stabbed through the cheek. Efforts for getting people on to the land have also claimed the worthy veteran's time and attention—not always with the most encouraging results. One family in whom he took an interest proved unhappy in their rural environment. The wife had been used to towns; this life in the country was like life in America, she said. "But why?" he asked. "Well, there's no house within a hundred yards of ours; I'm off back to the town," she answered. And she and they went.



LOOKING THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF A BOAT: EARL GREY AND HIS PARTY VIEWING CORAL REEFS.

The boat in which the Governor-General of Canada is shown has a glass bottom, through which it is possible to examine the bed of the sea.



"MIMI PINSON" AT PLAY: FRENCH WORK-GIRLS DANCING BEFORE THE ZOLA MONUMENT AT SURESNES.

*Photograph by Trampus.*

# KEY-NOTES

**A**MONG the artists who will be heard at Covent Garden for the first time this spring, few have attracted more attention on the Continent than Mme. Lina Cavalieri, whose success has not been founded entirely upon her vocal equipment. Perhaps a part of the special interest that is taken in her appearance in grand opera arises from the fact that she started her career as a singer of light and trivial songs that do not call for any great vocal gift and rely for their success upon less attractive qualities than clever composition. Mme. Cavalieri made a reputation in this work, and then discovered that she had a voice that was worth serious treatment. So she studied under Mme. Mariana Masi, who created the part of La Gioconda in Ponchielli's beautiful opera, and then went on to Jean de Reszke who put the finishing touches to her art. Some years have now passed since she made her début. She has sung in Naples, Milan, Monte Carlo, St. Petersburg, and Paris. Now, for the first time, she is going to make her appeal in what is perhaps one of the most difficult opera-houses in the world. Mme. Cavalieri has great dramatic intelligence, she has worked hard, and her rare beauty has made her the mark of the world's photographers.

On Monday Sir Frederick Bridge was to lecture in Christ Church Cathedral at Montreal on the Cathedral Music of England. Sir Frederick Bridge can certainly speak with all possible authority upon his subject: few, if any, living men know more about the organ and the work that has been written for it. Before he took up his present appointment at Westminster Abbey, more than thirty years ago, he was organist of Manchester Cathedral. He has had the honour of directing two Royal Jubilee Services and a Coronation Service, and his work with the Royal Choral Society is too well known to call for detailed comment.

At the Queen's Hall just before Easter we had the opportunity of hearing several songs from Mr. Granville Bantock's remarkable "Sappho" cycle. At the Philharmonic concert the composer conducted and Miss Edith Clegg was the vocalist, while at Mr. Beecham's concert with the New Symphony Orchestra Miss Julia Culp, who had been announced to sing a further selection, was unable to appear, and her place was taken by Miss Phyllis Lett. Mr. Bantock's music is of more than common beauty, and it is some time since songs of equal musical merit were heard in London. The work suffered slightly on the occasion of each performance. At the Philharmonic Society's concert Mr. Bantock was more concerned with the due orchestral expression of his work than with the

exigencies of the singer's voice, while at the New Symphony Orchestra's concert Mr. Beecham relied upon his hands instead of a bâton, with the result that the balance between singer and players was not satisfactorily preserved. Whether or no the hand be a proper substitute for the bâton may be a disputed point; we have

our own opinion, and have expressed it here and elsewhere, but it must be clear to everybody that the hand cannot serve when players are not quite familiar with the score and require precise indications. Miss Lett, although she is obviously a sincere and painstaking artist, has not the vocal equipment that is necessary to do complete justice to the composer's work. It is no small praise that, in spite of all drawbacks, Mr. Bantock's music made a very considerable and genuine impression. The composer has originality and inspiration, and his selection from Mr. Wharton's "Sappho" has proved a very happy one. Mr. Bantock has written straightforward, melodious music of undeniable charm, sustained fancy, and attractive mood, and we should welcome a rendering of the complete cycle under favourable

conditions. For surely we have here music that is destined to find a welcome place in our concert programmes for a long time to come. We have heard nothing from the composer's pen that has given such unmistakable evidence of varied musical gifts and deep poetic fancy. But amateurs must hesitate to rush in, for Mr. Bantock has written work whose adequate rendering will be the gift of a few.

Certainly the new St. James's Hall, now open to concert-goers, delivers the latest message that the architect and builder of our day have to offer their generation. There is seating accommodation for 1200; rather more than 500 seats are on the floor, 450 in the balcony, and the rest in the orchestra.

The building is in the English Renaissance style, and, without being amazingly attractive, is attractive enough. Of course, it is fireproof. The basement is being used for refreshments, the first floor is occupied by a firm of piano-forte manufacturers, and the concert-hall is above the show-rooms. For the afternoon recitals, which are to be a feature of the new St. James's, floor seats will be put down, and for the evening concerts the floor will be turned into a promenade. The approaches to the house are numerous and convenient, questions of lighting and

ventilation have been very carefully considered, and, in short, Londoners are to be congratulated upon the acquisition of a very desirable addition to the concert-halls. It is to be hoped that the music to be heard at the new St. James's will be at least as attractive as the house.

COMMON CHORD.



A VETERAN VIOLINIST AT HOME IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: SEÑOR SARASATE IN HIS VILLA, NAVARRA, BIARRITZ.



HARRY LAUDER SINGING TO AN AUDIENCE HE HAS NEVER SEEN: AFRICAN NATIVES LISTENING TO A GRAMOPHONE RECORD OF "STOP YOUR TICKLIN', JOCK," AT AJALLI, SOUTHERN NIGERIA.

The natives were particularly pleased with Harry Lauder's laugh.





THE R.I.A. REPORT: MUCH GOOD WORK EFFECTED—THE DUNLOP DETACHABLE RIM: A REMARKABLE TEST—THE DESIGN OF MOTOR-BODIES—  
"FOUR-INCH RACE" PROSPECTS: A NAPIER ALREADY ENTERED—MOTORISTS PROFIT BY RUBBER FALL.

MUCH too little is heard of the work of the Roads Improvement Association, whose labours in the interests of road-users were initiated long before the dawn of the motoring period. It was an offshoot of the Cyclists' Touring Club, and was supported both by that body and by the National Cyclists' Union, just as to-day it receives grants from the Royal Automobile Club, the Motor Union, etc. As a matter of fact, it seems, at least to me, that it is, as a body, a trifle too much enfolded in the robes of the Motor Union. However that may be, it is evident, from the annual report of 1907, just issued, that a vast amount of valuable work has been quietly and unostentatiously performed during the past year. If the Association had done no more than carry out, as they did, the tar-spreading competition and the competition for the best preparation of tar for road-purposes, they would deserve well of the whole road-using community.

By the results of the two above-named competitions, local authorities throughout the country were served with valuable information which not only tended to the saving of public money but secured immediate and lasting effect from the work done and the money spent. The publication of the pamphlet giving particulars of the "Gladwell" system of construction and renewal of road-surfaces should be of great value. Conversion to this principle of road-making is always the result of an inspection of the roads so made in the areas of the Eton and the Staines Rural District Councils. The passage of that very necessary measure, the Lights on Vehicles Bill, through Parliament was undoubtedly very largely due to the long-sustained labours of the R.I.A. This Act, which is an instalment of the many road reforms for which the R.I.A. is and has for years past been pressing, makes it compulsory for all vehicles to carry a white light showing in the direction in which they are moving from an hour after sunset to an hour before sunrise. Timber carts and other vehicles having overhanging loads extending six feet behind must also show a red light rearwards.

The Dunlop detachable rims—which, being a successful British invention, it is remarkable to find permitted in the Grand Prix—will be afforded a great opportunity of proving themselves to the hilt in that competition, if in no other. No fewer than five makes of cars entered for this great race will be fitted with the above-named detachable rims, and the entrants of these vehicles will assuredly take heart of grace from the outcome of the severe tests to which Cagno, driving an Itala, lately submitted Dunlop detachable rims over the Dieppe Circuit. With D. D. rims and tyres he drove several times

round the course at full speed, taking the corners as in the race, and practically doing all that was possible to wrench the rims and tyres from the wheels. Subsequently he deflated both back tyres and repeated the operation, after which he actually unlocked a front and rear wheel rim, and again performed at speed. But nothing happened, the rims remained firmly in position, and now *ces merveilleuses jantes amovibles Dunlop* are the talk of the Dieppe Circuit.



PUSHING A CAR ROUND THE WORLD—NOT IN IMITATION OF THE NEW YORK-PARIS RACE.

Mr. George M. Schilling, who is here shown with the car he makes his home, has walked round the world, and is now walking through Europe. While on his travels he pushes his car before him. In this car, which he made himself, are a bed and cooking apparatus.

race will prove one of the best sporting events of the year, comparable in every way with such widely advertised competitions as the

The regulations for the "Four-Inch Race," to be held by the Royal Automobile Club in the Isle of Man in October next, have now been issued, and the first entry, that of a Napier car by Mr. S. F. Edge, has been received. It is hoped that this Grand Prix, the Targa Florio, etc. It is open to any foreign maker, and as the entries do not close finally until Aug. 1, and the race does not take place until two months later, manufacturers have ample time to consider their plan of campaign.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and if the rubber-growers of Colombo, Brazil, and "sich-like places," are loud in their lamentations at the big break in the price of raw rubber, the tyre-using motorist of this country and the Continent is far from being in profound sympathy with the planter. The motorist, thanks to the initiative of Messrs. Michelin and Co., has profited, and is still profiting by the rubber fall, and finds his tyre

bill now considerably reduced, seeing that, with goods like Michelin's, the great quality which has earned them their prominent position is still rigidly and faithfully maintained.



QUITE A PUSHING INDIVIDUAL: MR. SCHILLING AND HIS TRAVELLING HOME.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

A SIGN OF THE TIMES: ASCOT'S FIVE-SHILLING STAND—HARRY CUSTANCE—TRAINING.

THE Ascot authorities are building stand-accommodation for ten thousand people. The charge for admission will be five shillings, and everything will be up-to-date. Racecourse managers at last see what other caterers have admitted for some time—that the great B.P. is the thing. I have been backing up this tip for years, and at last there are signs of my dream being fulfilled. But, in the case of Ascot, it is necessary to agitate for cheaper railway fares; and although I do not profess to be versed in these matters, I should say that trips could be run at a profit if a return fare of half-a-crown were charged. This is a matter for the managers of the railways to decide, but I think they will be amenable to reason on this question, and will agree to run early-out trains and late-home trains at a cheap fare. I congratulate Mr. Clement on his enterprise in the matter of the cheap stand. I am certain it will in the end prove a big source of income to the Ascot funds; further, it will be the means of affording pleasure to thousands who otherwise would not attend at all. The Upper Ten are well looked after at Ascot, and the royal enclosure is perfectly appointed; for the wealthy commoners the grand stand enclosure is a veritable paradise; but up to now the poorer people have been badly neglected. But all's well that ends well, and with the coming of the cheap stand we may look for leviathan crowds.

When the late Harry Custance was about to bring out his book of Reminiscences, many years back, he was most anxious to see his portrait in *The Sketch*, and he told me, after it appeared, that it "did him proud." The book I refer to was edited by my old friend the late H. B. Bromhead, "Boris", of the *Referee*, and he once told me that Custance supplied him with sufficient anecdotal matter to fill

following. The bull kept up for about three fields, when he was exhausted. Custance for some years acted as starter under Jockey Club and National Hunt Rules; but he was a bit impetuous with the red flag at times. It was quite an eye-opener to those of us who remembered him riding at 8 st. when he used to trot down to the starting-post in late years on his cob, and could not have been less than 15 st. Ned Smith, who was one of his first employers, I knew well. He used to be on the staff of *Bell's Life*.



LA SAVATE IN USE AGAINST APACHES: A SUCCESSFUL FIGHT WITH HOOLIGANS.

I believe that the amateur trainers get such good results through adopting natural methods with their horses. I was talking the other day to a well-known owner who has won several big handicaps and the Grand National, and he ventured the opinion that many trainers owe their alleged "bad luck" to the introduction of electric light and hot air into their stables. He instanced one or two examples where, since the introduction of these new-fangled notions, the results have been disastrous. He also told of big winners that had been practically brought up in the

open air—had, in fact, been turned out for fixed periods, with the best results. "Artificial incubation"—these were his words—"is no use for training winners on." Truth to tell, I begin to fancy he was right. Many of the successful American trainers turn their horses out in the winter, so as to harden them; and this seems preferable to allowing animals to take in an atmosphere charged with hot air which is never allowed to fall below 60 degrees. Further, my informant asserted that good oats and good hay beat all the artificial foods yet invented for the feeding of racehorses, while the less physic you give them, the better. Hot air and drugs are calculated to soften the muscles, while this so-called treatment is to a very great extent responsible for many of the



THE FOOT AND THE FIST IN COMBINATION: LEARNING LA SAVATE, THE FRENCH FORM OF BOXING.

three large volumes. Custance was a remarkable jockey. He was a capital judge of pace and a resolute finisher. He rode three Derby winners and captured pretty nearly all the big races in this country. He was always fond of hunting, and once led his Majesty the King in the field. Custance tells a funny story—how he was walking one day on his farm, when the hounds came along in full cry, and he could not resist the temptation of mounting a bull and

delicate-constitutioned horses in training at the present time. This is a very important subject, and it is one I should like to see dealt with in its entirety by some clever and unprejudiced veterinary experts. One thing is very apparent; that hot-house training is not calculated to improve our stayers.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday Tips will be found on our "City Notes" page.



## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Mr. Gladstone as  
a Dandy.

Those of us who used occasionally to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone in private life remember that the Grand Old Man himself was anything but dressy, while Mrs. Gladstone sometimes wore a bonnet of nameless shape and construction, which looked as if her famous husband had used it to sit upon. All the more surprising is

it to learn from some recent reminiscences that William Ewart Gladstone was at heart a dandy, and set great store on his appearance as an undergraduate at Oxford. When he visited that seat of learning in his later life, Gladstone was infinitely shocked at the free-and-easy attire affected by the "men" in the public streets. To see an undergraduate in boating flannels in the "High" gave him a painful impression, and he declared that the spectacle would have been impossible in his youth. Moreover, in 1890, he declared, men, even when they made a toilette, dressed cheaply

for it is not only productive of mischief to the parents and the infant, but threatens the very existence of this Empire.

To Tip or Not  
to Tip.

It is disheartening to find how little there is that is new under the sun. Even the indignant gentleman who writes to the *Times* on the tips-in-country-houses topic only echoes the bitter cry of the visitor in pre-Revolutionary days in France. Then, as now, there were rumours (probably well founded) that the servants in certain great châteaux were paid no wages, but depended entirely on the handsome "tips" of the visitors. Jean Jacques Rousseau was much in request among the French aristocracy—who little suspected where his theories of "nature" and "equality" were to lead them—yet he complained that he could not afford to pay visits owing to the enormous "vails" expected by the lackeys. There are philosophers in a like case nowadays, and owing to the multiplication of servants in big country houses it is a moot point whether a short holiday cannot be taken just as cheaply in an hotel. Certainly the "tipping-box" would seem to be the only way out of the difficulty, which would have the additional advantage that a survey of its contents would enable a host and hostess to get a pretty accurate idea of the success or failure of their party.

A Strike in  
the Harem.

Already we knew from M. Pierre Loti's "*Désenchantées*" that a revolt has arisen in the harems of Constantinople, and that a "strike" of the women of Islam was within sight when the distinguished novelist commanded, a year or two ago, a French ironclad at the Porte. As usual, beautiful ladies of high degree took the sympathetic Gallic writer into their inmost confidence, and letting him into the sacrosanct precincts of the harem, declared their intention of revolt and escape. It would be useless, of course, for these ladies to appeal to the Sultan, but the Mohammedan female subjects of the Tsar have taken their courage by both hands, and have addressed a petition to the Mussulman Deputies in the Duma. They demand, what it seems the law gives them, and that is the right to travel, to study, to pray in mosques, to engage in trade, to sign bills of exchange, to be sisters of charity, and last, but not least, to make the pilgrim-age to Mecca.

None of these things are they now allowed to do, and they very properly object to their husbands bringing home extra wives and favourites, and leading "a dissolute life in restaurants, hotels, and other places of entertainment." The suffragists in England will await breathlessly the results of this revolt in the harem.



FOR MORNING WEAR.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

and badly, whereas a dandy of the 'thirties expended at least £30 on his person before he ventured out into the fire of public criticism. His fancy waistcoats alone must have cost a pretty sum, while cravats were cravats in those days, and a modish suit was not to be had for a few pounds. Altogether, though Oxford men are a trifle too untidy nowadays, this economy in dress is not altogether to be discouraged, and most harassed fathers would rather have a son at the University who can be dressed for a ten-pound note than have to disburse three times that amount for his boy to dazzle all beholders.

Gaiety and the  
Quiverful.

It is certain that the huge families which were the rule in middle and later Victorian times were, far from being a cause of anxiety, productive of much gaiety, good-humour, and fun. The man who possessed eight or nine romping boys and girls rarely knew a dull hour. If "mamma," as the mother was called in those days, had more responsibility, especially when measles or scarlatina raged furiously in the nursery, on the whole, she seems to have been more beloved than the mother of the present century, who devotes herself so assiduously to the moral, physical, and hygienic upbringing of her solitary infant. A very lonely and mournful child is that infant, without playmates of its own age or that wholesome competition in games and books which is so essential to the formation of character. Too often, alas! the solitary child turns out a most amazing little prig. Now, the prig is almost an impossibility in a large family; the odious signs are early detected and promptly stamped out by the hoofs of the fraternal horde. To read that entertaining book of mid-Victorian manners, "*Leaves From a Life*," is to realise the fine careless rapture, the real *joie de vivre* of a large English family in easy circumstances. It reminds one of the boys and girls in Rhoda Broughton's earlier novels—engaging young scamps who seem to have no prototypes nowadays, so carefully is the solitary offspring brought up, educated, and controlled. On the whole, the "one man, one child" theory ought not to be encouraged,



A FASHIONABLE COAT AND SKIRT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

EVERYBODY is busy relating their Easter holiday adventures. People seem to have started off gaily with perfect faith in the weather experts who prophesied smooth things. The weather arranged to turn the theories of the experts upside down, and the poor holiday-makers were the victims. Some people I know went down to their yacht—an act of faith that was evilly repaid. She was on the mud, that good hundred-ton sailing-craft, but they got her afloat and at anchor. She has a large and comfortable saloon-cabin, in which the owner and his guests, two women and a man, amused themselves as best they might. The hands, when ashore, were chaffingly asked, "How they liked it out there?" to which they replied, "It was far warmer afloat, for there wasn't no draughts round corners." Other friends went up to Yorkshire to a house-party, and bravely set out on two days to Wetherby Races. They went by coach, luckily for them, for though they felt like fragments of the North Pole, they did not stick in the mud leaving the course, as many of their acquaintances in motors did, and had gibes flung at them by the happier passers-by, while they were collecting bands of recruits to lift their cars bodily out of the slough of despond. The one bright spot in the Easter holidays I heard mentioned was a cheery old gentleman who had been sent to Harrogate to take the waters. He said the hot sulphur draught before breakfast had never gone down so well before, for it thawed him out!

I saw women out "in their waists," to use the Americanism for a coatless condition, and I saw gay and gaudy spring hats rearing their lofty crests heavenward, from whence the snow descended on them in immense flakes. If only the brave deserve the fair, they failed to get it in the way of weather. Men, too, I observed in tweed suits, with no overcoats, running along the streets, trying to make up by exercise for lack of clothing. Oh, it was a miserable time for the poor workers, whose longest spell of leisure it is before the summer—quite an Arctic Easter holiday.

There was such a pretty wedding on St. George's Day and Shakespeare's birthday in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. A Maid-of-Honour to her Majesty retired into the bonds of holy matrimony, and became the wife of a young clergyman, the Rev. Arthur Rowland Grant. On such retirement from a position in the Royal Household, which can only be held by an unmarried woman, the title of Honourable is held for life. It is a distinction in the spirit rather than the letter, since it is a courtesy title, never used save in addressing an envelope, or in most formal mention by an inferior. Once upon a time Maids-of-Honour received £1000 as dowry from their royal mistress. Now they have their regular salary while in office, and always a charming personal token of royal regard in the shape of a wedding present.

It is a privilege to be permitted by the King to be married in the Chapel Royal. It is so beautiful. The tapestries at either side of the chancel were brought from Hampton Court, and have been exquisitely restored. Their estimated value is about £70,000. The gold plate on the altar is superb. There is some dating from Charles the First's reign, and some from that of Queen Anne. The children of the Chapel Royal, in their long royal-red Tudor cassocks, embroidered in black, velvet, and gold, add to the picturesque effect, and they sing beautifully; the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal are surplised as in ordinary choirs, over royal-scarlet cassocks. The bride of last week has ancestral connections with the Royal Household, for her grandfather, the late General the Hon. Charles Grey, was private secretary to the Prince Consort, and, after his Royal Highness's death, to Queen Victoria. Only children were in attendance, and a charming addition to their long Vandyke satin frocks and close caps were old-world posies of white lilies in bouquet-holders. Something out of the ordinary at a modern wedding is a mercy seldom vouchsafed to us. All modern weddings are more or less pretty, and all have a strong family likeness. At this the attendants, all relatives of the bride, were two little girls and two little boys. One was the five-year-old daughter of the late Lady Victoria Grenfell and Mr. Arthur Grenfell; the other, the younger and four-year-old daughter of Major and Lady Sybil Lascelles.

The severe weather has sent shivering womankind back into furs, velvet, and cloth, and the show of spring fashions has had a setback as decisive as that experienced by the buds which were ready to burst, but have wisely deferred sending their tender young shoots out into such a wintry world. Consequently, I can write only of potential, not of actual fashion. It seems to be certain that a modernised version of the tablier skirt is to come in. Even

paniers are shown on some of the extreme Paris models. These, however, are cleverly draped rather flat. These draped skirts will be the feature of fashions for the coming months. It is pleasant to be able to say that the skirts will be well off the ground in many instances, particularly for wearing by young girls. A pretty finish to such skirts is a wide satin hem and a deep border of embroidery, the folds of the tablier-like over-drapery carried up at the back and caught into a buckle. This revival of draping is a perilous matter for any but skilled modistes to embark upon. Of these, happily, there is no lack. One of them gave it as her opinion that there was no mistake you had to be skilled in these days when every second house in the West End was a dressmaker's!

The question of jewelled ornaments has become an important one even to young girls. The Duke of Portland's eighteen-year-old daughter wore a lovely diamond pendant, which his Grace gave her, at her coming-out ball at Welbeck. Most of the smart girls one sees at dances in the season wear some graceful jewel. The Parisian Diamond Company, always in the van of modern thought, provide for this new idea of jewel-wearing by girls, and have a variety of lovely pendants, dainty and beautiful, of which that illustrated is a fair example.

"Scents may come and scents may go, but I go on for ever," might be the parody of Tennyson's "Brook," used by Courvoisier's Otto of Violets. It is delicious, distilled from the essential oil of the fragrant flowers themselves, and redolent of them in the daintiest, most lasting, and ever-refreshing way. No wonder that it has secured such widespread favour and that it is sent for to H. Bronnley and Co., Acton Vale, W., in large quantities from many quarters of the globe. A successful perfume must be three things—haunting, dainty, and lasting. Courvoisier's Otto of Violets has these qualities in marked degree.

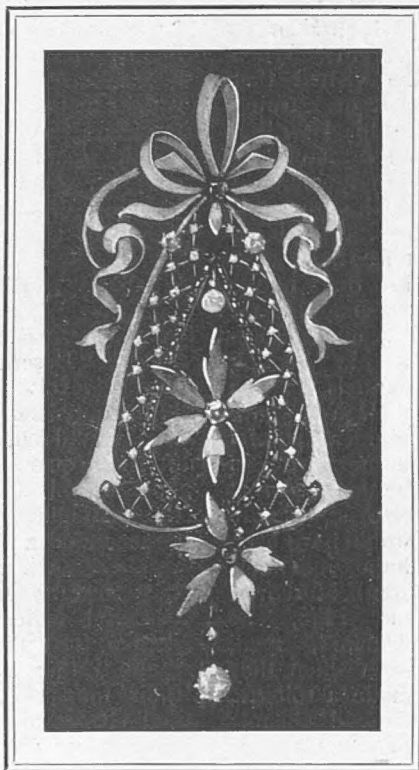
## BRITISH ARTISTS AT COVENT GARDEN.

FOR some years past the authorities of our national Opera-house have been paving the way to the employment of a certain number of British artists, and, as far as it has gone, the experiment has met with success. By slow degrees, the company of British singers engaged has increased, and for the season that will open next week we find quite a reasonable proportion of native talent. Among the ladies the first is, of course, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, who has been before the operatic public for some years now, and is second to none in her own line. Other British singers in the section of contralti and mezzo-soprani are Miss Phyllis Archibald, Miss Dilys Jones, Miss Maud Santley, and Miss Edna Thornton. Among the soprani we have one or two representatives of the Old Country, including Miss Caroline Hatchard and Miss Lenora Sparkes. The tenors engaged include Mr. Walter Hyde, who achieved such a remarkable success in the "Ring" operas when they were given, quite

recently, under the direction of Dr. Richter, and Mr. John McCormack, who was heard in the autumn, and, if he could act as well as he can sing, would be in the very first rank of tenors. In the section devoted to bassi and baritones we find Mr. Robert Radford; while Mr. Clarence Whitehill may claim, of course, some connection with the Old Country, though we believe he was born in the States and studied in Germany. It is not so very long ago that the possession of an English name was quite sufficient to keep any singer from the London Opera-house, and, of course, it is only in the last year or two that the musical direction of Covent Garden has been under English hands. Mr. Percy Pitt may be trusted to give British talent every chance to distinguish itself, and British singers have shown every indication to take advantage of their chances.

The Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham Junction, has a particularly novel programme for the Easter holidays. Mr. Dudley Bennett, the enterprising manager, decided to revive his twelfth annual pantomime, "Cinderella." The production has already met with considerable success, and can still be seen. On May 11 Miss Ellen Terry and her company will be at the theatre.

Electric traction seems to be the solution of the motor-omnibus problem. On Easter Sunday the value of the electrobus as a road vehicle was further demonstrated by its being run from London to Brighton on one charge of the battery. This, for so large and heavy an electrical vehicle, is an unprecedented feat. The London electrobus is operated at an inclusive cost of 9d. per car mile, and its receipts have averaged over 13d. per car mile during nine months of service. These results are mainly due to its remarkable freedom from breakdown, for in upwards of 100,000 miles of travel the Electrobus Company has not experienced one serious delay.



A CHARMING PENDANT AT THE PARISIAN  
DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 12.*

## THE BLANKET TO BUSINESS.

STILL they come. The rush of new issues is a thing to make stockbrokers weep. Glutted as the markets already are with first-class securities, no rest is afforded to the powers of digestion. Still they come: these new issues. They are investment stocks, appealing mostly to the highest class of investor, who shows his appreciation of this thoughtfulness in many cases by allowing underwriters to take the bulk of the securities. That the latter gentlemen have not become sick of the process is a tribute to their belief in the coming of better times; but we admit a wonder that these financial philanthropists continue to shoulder ever-new responsibilities for fresh emissions. And still they come!

## AMERICANS.

Sensational as ever, the American Market manages to retain the suffrage and patronage of every speculator. The movements are so rapid and so violent that it is impossible to regard them as being anything but deliberately manipulated. Increased public interest on the other side of the water is claimed to be proved by the increasing number of shares now dealt in almost daily—an indication which in the present conditions is of little value. We incline to the bear side at present, but the market is in a highly artificial state, and the advance can easily be carried further. Lord Rothschild's benediction upon the new Pennsylvania issue has made a great difference in popular sentiment respecting Yankees, because New Court enjoys a reputation for shrewdness that many people are content to rely upon in matters of their investment. If the Railroads can get the money that they all want, reduced dividends will certainly not stand in the way of further improvements should the wirepullers want to jerk prices higher yet.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

When is this period of depression coming to an end? What is the public waiting for? Has Stock Exchange business come to a permanent full-stop?

Echo only answers. The post brings its regular mass of correspondence—charitable appeals, invitations to subscription dinners, prospectuses, "your vote and interest" cards, offers of American bonds from New York, provincial share-lists, furniture catalogues, and no orders. One begins to loathe the sight of a letter, because the envelope is almost sure to contain a demand of one sort or another for money; demands such as one would be only too willing to respond to did times permit, which they don't. Well, at the shareholders' meeting the other day the veteran Mr. John Coles, a member with the experience of five-and-forty years, did his best to cheer us with assurances that such times as the present were nothing new when a long period was looked back upon, and he offered us the consolation of hope (more Hope Deferred) that business would return all in due course. It was pleasant to hear Mr. Coles, pleasant to look upon his kindly, genial appearance, and to criticise the statements of such a member would seem to savour of presumption. Yet it may be doubted, with all genuine respect, whether business has been so bad for so long over a period, say, of fifty years.

We have it constantly cast in our teeth that the outsiders are doing a roaring trade, which, but for them, would come to the Stock Exchange. It wouldn't. The Stock Exchange does not exist, and was never intended to exist, for the purpose of inducing small people to bet their fivers or their tenners upon stocks suggested by the people who are taking the money, at heavy odds in their own favour, and betting against their own selections. The clerk, the shopkeeper, the country schoolmistress are inveigled by glowing circulars and other devices into sending their honestly earned money to these agencies, which fatten upon the credulity and the greed and the ignorance of their fellows. The Stock Exchange, unhappily, is not above suspicion: its own Committee permit, without a protest, practices that are deserving of severest reprobation; but the Stock Exchange does not, fortunately, tempt the very people least able really to afford it to indulge in gambling transactions, and so foster the spirit of thoroughly unsound speculation.

For gilt-edged stocks to have so greatly disappointed the expectations of their champions is due to a stale bull account combined with the new issues and fears of money failing to become what you might call nastily cheap, after all. In buying Irish Land stock for the Sinking Fund, instead of Consols, the Government rather stole a march upon the bulls of the Funds, and I am a little surprised at not having seen some indignant patriot complaining vehemently of the Government's swindling him in this matter because he was a bull of Consols on the assumption of the stock being mopped up by the Sinking Fund.

There is not much to be said, for a speculator, in favour of straddling Consols and Irish Land. Certainly the latter pays three or four shillings per cent. more than Consols, and the security is, of course, identical; but there is a wide difference in the marketability of the two securities, and much slighter pressure will put Irish down than that which must be applied to cause a fall in Consols.

Irish Land stock, it may be noted, yields  $\frac{1}{2}$  3s. at the present price, and there is a full six months' interest due on July 1.

Had I the money to invest, my own choice amongst the gilt-edged stocks would fall upon such  $\frac{1}{2}$  3s. issues as the India, New South Wales, County Council, and the like. You get a good return, cheap stock, and a certain improvement in capital value within the next few years. Prices cannot always go down—

By the way, what bulls we have always been! Reading Dryden's translation of Plutarch (I confess with tears the obvious inference) this sentence caught my attention: "Pompey bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun." No doubt the listener thought it was rather a Sylla thing for Pompey to say, but it enshrines a truth which will appeal to every member of the Stock Exchange, and send a comfortable thrill of satisfaction down the back of every bucket-shop keeper who knows he can make money through perpetual iteration of the words "Buy, buy, buy."

Men in the Home Railway market are gradually growing resigned to the prospect of the next batch of dividends being at lower rates than those of the corresponding period last year. These authorities argue, however, that a general reduction is already discounted in the current quotations. One takes leave to doubt that. It is obvious that the public won't buy Home Rails. They don't want the stock. Trade was splendidly good for the first two years of the Liberal Government's accession to office, but what good did it do the railways? Very little. Well, then, with trade falling off so manifestly, how are the railways likely to fare under the less favourable conditions? Expenses will be lower, of course,

but the reduction in this direction cannot possibly be expected to compensate the loss of revenue entailed by decreased trade. Should wait a bit before buying Home Rails.

There is one of the perennial tips going round that it is right to buy Kaffirs. Some of the cleverest men in the market say they only wish they saw a prospect of the tip coming off. This is intended to be a word to the wise.

The Mexican Railway Company has not escaped without some slight loss from the little financial stringency that has troubled the whole continent of North America for the past six months. Banks, trading concerns, and all classes of the business community have felt the effect, more or less, of the difficulties which reflect upon the railways in the natural course of events. Traffics have fallen off, and the outlook for the current half-year's dividend on the Second Preference stock has become clouded. It is no use trying to blink that fact. As with everything else, recovery must be waited for, and I venture to think that the Mexican Railway will turn out a good friend to its supporters yet.

Next month will be held the annual dinner of the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund, and there is much speculation as to how much the Fund will lose in consequence of business being so bad. The record dinner collection was that of 1901, when over £22,000 was announced. If £15,000 is reached this year, the stewards may be well content. Wealthy subscribers are largely increasing their own contributions in a good many cases, and it remains to be seen how far their additional help will avail to counteract the falling-away of receipts from the smaller subscribers. The fund wants all it can get at present, and is likely to want more—

Pardon, I pray you. Methinks this is but a miserable letter, and that the signature to Fletcher's—

There's naught in this life sweet,  
If men were wise to see't,  
But only melancholy—  
Oh, sweetest melancholy!

will have to be altered to that of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

## CEYLON TEA PLANTATIONS.

From the following Note, it will be seen that our correspondent takes an optimistic view regarding the future of this Company, and gives good reasons for his opinion—

Shareholders in the *Ceylon Tea Plantations Company* may have experienced some disappointment at finding that only the regular 15 per cent. dividend was to be paid again this year, for they anticipated, and quite correctly, that the profits must have again increased. The actual net profits for 1907 amounted to £46,161; for the previous three years they were: for 1904, £32,943; for 1905, £39,204; and for 1906, £42,933. The dividends of 7 per cent. on the Preference shares, and 15 per cent. on the Ordinary require only £30,498 16s. 4d., so that it will be seen that a considerable margin remains. The explanation of the Directors' conservatism is simple. The Company have been quietly developing an enormous rubber estate in the past few years, and the surplus profits, which would otherwise have been available for dividend, have been devoted to this object. Thus in 1906 £10,500, and last year £8500, was diverted to a rubber development account. As there are only 16,738 Ordinary shares issued, it will be seen that, but for the sums devoted to rubber cultivation, an additional 5 per cent., or 10s. per share, could have been paid for the past two years. It is important to bear this in mind, because a change of policy is indicated in this year's report. A paragraph at the end of the report runs as follows: "In order to provide working capital for the development and upkeep of the rubber properties the Directors propose, at any early date, to make an issue of Preference and Ordinary shares, on favourable terms, *pro rata* to the shareholders and the Company's Ceylon staff. This issue should make it unnecessary to set aside such considerable sums as has hitherto been done, and thereby enable a larger distribution of profits to the Ordinary shareholders in favourable years." The general meeting will have been held before these lines appear in print, and further details on this interesting announcement may then be available, but it may be taken to mean this; that in future, and so long as the Tea market remains in anything like its present healthy condition, Ordinary shareholders may expect at least 40s. annually per share in dividends, and this from tea alone, and may further expect in the course of a few years an additional handsome return from rubber. With regard to rubber, this Company now has a total of 695,829 rubber-trees growing on the estates, and a few figures will show what enormous possibilities of future profits this means. Taking lower figures than any estimate I have ever seen made of the profits from rubber, and assuming an annual output of 1 lb. of rubber per tree at a profit of 1s. per lb., the annual profits from the 4646 acres of rubber-trees on this Company's estates should enable the Directors to pay *double* the present rate of dividend when the whole of the trees have reached an age of seven or eight years. A purchaser of these shares may rely on receiving 5 per cent. on his money in almost any event from tea, with the pleasant probability of another 5 per cent. from rubber before many years are past, and it would not at all surprise me to see C.T.P.s at £40, or even £50, in course of time.

Saturday, April 25, 1908.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.  
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. B.—Should not advise you to touch Cargo Fleets. For low-priced shares Schweppes Deferred or Bovril Deferred are in our opinion preferable.

OLEUM.—Your letter has been duly forwarded.

POSTMASTER.—Have nothing to do with the concern.

BINDIE.—Our letter from the Stock Exchange this week contains a reference to the kind of  $\frac{1}{2}$  3s. per cent. stocks that should suit your purpose admirably.

F. G.—Our grateful thanks for your refreshing letter. Should hold the mining shares for another 10s. rise, or thereabouts.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the City and Suburban will be won by Oakleigh II., and Linacre should finish in the first three. For other events at Epsom I fancy the following: Copthorne Plate, Vada; Apprentices' Plate, Reality; Tadworth Plate, Melane; Kingswood Plate, My May; Hyde Park Plate, Pace Egger colt. These should go close at Sandown: Twickenham Handicap, Spate; Mount Felix Plate, Slavery; Esher Cup, Billy Boy; Cobham Plate, The Jabberwock; Trial Plate, American Lad; Princess of Wales's Handicap, Snow-flight; Guildford Handicap, Retort; Tudor Plate, Poor Boy; Stud Produce Stakes, St. Victrix; Criterion Steeplechase, Caubeen; Kingston Hurdle, Dafila; International Steeplechase, Pat Cullinan; Great Sandown Hurdle Race, Savernake; St. James's Hurdle, St. Obrian.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Human Boy Again." By Eden Phillpotts. (Chapman and Hall.)—  
 "Three Miss Graemes." By S. Macnaughtan. (John Murray.)—  
 "Caroline." By Clementina Black. (John Murray.)

IT is devoutly to be hoped that Mr. Phillpotts' "Human Boy" will imitate Peter Pan, that prince of superhuman boys, and decide not to grow up: in frock-coat and silk-hat, possibly smoking a cigar, certainly reading the Stock Exchange news, he would be but one of an army, an unrecognisable atom in the mass of humanity. As a boy, he is a delight, and he is delightful because he is such a boy. His schoolmaster is conventional; he himself (he has various names to cloak a single personality) is as unconventional as only a twelve or fourteen year-old can be. See him in the kindness of his heart (and in a fiendish desire to experiment) seek to stuff the Doctor's parrot, after having removed it from the grave in which it had lain unhonoured and unsung for well over a week—

"Joe" never looked like that in life or death. He is now, as it were, neither dead nor alive."

Mathers admitted this. He said he thought it was the want of the eyes, and that all would come right when they were in.

So Rowland Ward is written to—

They sent a pair of most lifelike parrot's eyes, and only charged three bob. The eyes did a great deal for "Joe," and certainly made him look alive. But it was a strange sort of unearthly life. . . . Also about this time we had to get some Condor's fluid to steady poor old "Joe" down a bit. . . . We varnished the claws, and tried to stick back a lot of feathers that unfortunately came out in the process of stuffing. Then I got a bit of wood and a stick for a perch, and we wired "Joe" on, and put a walnut at his feet—which was a good thought of Bunny's, because walnuts were always his favourite food.

The presentation of the finished article is more joyful than triumphant—

The Doctor was evidently far too astonished to be obliged to Mathers. . . . First he looked at the parrot, then he looked at Mathers, then he regularly glared at the parrot again. Seen from a distance, the effect of the parrot was not good. Evidently we had lost more feathers than we thought, and its back had got a hump between the shoulders, more really like a vulture than a parrot.

That is but one of the "doings" at Merivale, but it is characteristic. Those who are not too young to have forgotten their own school-days will recognise the truth of it, wish they had taken part in it, appreciate it whole-heartedly.

The adjective precisely suited to Miss Macnaughtan's "Three Miss Graemes" is "charming," yet we hesitate to apply it lest it be thought that the book belongs to the milk-and-water school. In point of fact it is "nice," and never namby-pamby. The three Miss Graemes of the title have been brought up by their father on a Scottish island, and they have what old ladies were wont to call—perhaps still call—"the queerest notions." They bet like any bookie, pray like any priest, have their own ideas of right and wrong, know the past but not the present. London is extraordinarily strange to them, and in it they find many adventures and some friends. Then one of the three is ill, and must be sent abroad. So Helen, the eldest, sets to work, and becomes companion to Mrs. Rendell, of Froley Court. While there she makes an injudicious bet, loses, borrows ten pounds from Major Hanbury. Scandal is the result. Helen is told that there is nothing she can do but marry the Major. So, when he proposes, she accepts him, only to break off the match on discharging her obligation by paying him back within a few days. She believes all this time that the Major would marry her only that the game may be played according to a strange, accepted set of rules. Later she learns that he is really in love with her, and all is well.

The prologue of Miss Clementina Black's new novel introduces us to a pair of important personages, to wit (and, later, to woo), Caroline Dalyngrange and Gilbert Hardy. Farmer Nye's out-house is on fire, and there is a mare in danger of being burned alive.

Horror seized the child by the heart. Was the mare going to be burnt to death before their eyes? Everybody seemed suddenly to be silent, standing at gaze. . . .

All in a flash the stagnant hopelessness broke up. A horse and man—Caroline thought him a man—came whirling into the crowd; in an instant the rider was on his feet and was calling aloud for "a coat, a scarf—something dark." Caroline snatched from her shoulders and thrust into his impatient hands her black silk tippet. The familiar frilled ends floated behind him as he sprang into the smoke. A buzz of voices rose and fell. Caroline held her breath. The lad and the mare came out together, and Caroline's tippet, twisted into a crumpled bandage, was bound across the animal's eyes.

So for the first time they meet: need we say that it is not for the last? The course of true love does not run smooth—did it ever, even in a novel?—smugglers, a bold, bad rival who would turn abductor, the strange case of Goody Penfold's unmarried granddaughter and her child, a young and ardent nobleman, many a misunderstanding serve to break and divert the stream—but in the end Caroline and Gilbert come together again, each in rose-coloured spectacles. Quite a pleasing book—not great, but essentially "readable."

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